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The Week

UPON President Coolidge rests a responsibility, appalling in its seriousness, in regard to the fate of China. The United States wants a conference to be held as soon as possible for the purpose of considering not only revision of the Chinese tariffs, as provided in the treaties which France has just ratified, but also the other grievances of the Chinese against the Powers. Neither England nor France shows much eagerness to join in such a conference in the near future. The British government takes the stand, which seems to us both unwise and inexpedient, that all anti-foreign demonstrations in China must cease before any conference can be held. This idea is based on the traditional English policy of bullying the "natives" when dealing with any Oriental people—a policy which is about the worst possible, applied to China in the present crisis. President Coolidge has let it be known that the United States hopes for complete fulfillment of the promises made to China in the Washington treaties; and that in the meantime the Chinese government will be held responsible for the safety of foreign property and lives. While fulfillment of the treaties of 1921 would certainly be desirable, the fact should be faced frankly that what the Chinese want goes far beyond these treaties and that a permanent and satisfactory arrangement can never be reached until China herself is satisfied. On President Coolidge rests the responsibility not only for persuading England and France to treat the Chinese claims with some respect, but for making sure that a conference if held is not doomed to failure in advance by a too limited agenda. It is, as we have said, a terrific responsibility.

SLOWLY and wearily, Europe moves down the long road toward peace. The German reply to the French note on the security pact has been delivered, but has not been made public as we go to press. However, its terms have been forecast in the news despatches, as conciliatory. In view of the harsh conditions laid down by France, that fact represents an extraordinary diplomatic victory for Stresemann. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that nothing has yet been arrived at except a decision to discuss a possible agreement. London hopes that a conference can be held at once, and Germany admitted to the League in September. The promise is made that if this is done, the Allies may waive fulfillment of the "disarmament" demands and evacuate Cologne. Meanwhile the Ruhr is being evacuated—down to the Düsseldorf-Duisburg-Ruhrort line. The British program, however, is still problematical. We do not see how any German government can agree to the French terms unless drastically modified; and that France is willing to make such concessions, there is no evidence.

AN EXAMPLE of the sort of incident which makes the work of statesmen doubly difficult was reported recently in a special despatch from Berlin to the New York Times. Among the French troops in Germany are some Moroccan infantry; and a contingent of these was returning the other day from the manoeuvre ground in the Palatinate.

> A young German failed to remove his hat as the regimental tricolor went by. Whereupon it was struck from his head by a French officer described in the accounts published here as a General. The youth's hands

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> then were bound to the officer's saddle and he was obliged to run several miles alongside the Frenchman's horse. He was taken to a hospital suffering from nervous shock and exhaustion.

Such conduct is not typically French; it is not even typically military, although any thousand soldiers anywhere in the world contains at least a few men like this French officer. But typical or not, it helps to create an atmosphere in which political negotiation is rendered enormously difficult. Suppose a Mexican army had occupied Pittsburgh for nearly two years; and suppose a Mexican officer had thus treated an American boy who had failed to salute the Mexican flag. How would the average citizen of New York or Chicago or Denver then feel about the peremptory demand on the part of Mexico that the United States join a Pan-American league of nations with headquarters, let us say, in Chile?

AN INTERESTING test of the usefulness of the League of Nations will be afforded by Prof. E. A. Ross's report on forced labor in Portuguese Africa. This report, made after an inquiry by Professor Ross and Dr. R. Melville Cramer undertaken at the request of a distinguished American committee, was presented to the Temporary Slavery Commission of the League on July 13. The first action of this body was to inquire of the American State Department whether Professor Ross is reliable—a doubly futile proceeding, since his standing could have been ascertained readily in other quarters, and it was quite certain that the State Department would not underwrite a private American citizen in a purely unofficial enterprise. Next, the League hastily assured Portugal that she would be given an opportunity to reply. This means, according to the Geneva correspondents, that no action will be taken before 1926. Meanwhile the unhappy victims of Portuguese misrule in Africa—those who have not died or escaped into the territory of some other power—must bear their burdens as best they can.

WHAT these burdens are, Professor Ross and Doctor Cramer set forth in a carefully restrained, strictly reportorial pamphlet of sixty pages. We urge any of our readers who are interested in knowing something of man's inhumanity to man (when one is white and "civilized," the other black and "savage") to obtain a copy from the committee, Room 1639, 25 Broad Street, New York City. It is a dreadful story of callous brutality. There is no slavery, be it noted, in Portuguese Africa. Slavery was abolished when the monarchy was overthrown in 1910. But, as many of the natives told the investigators, they were much happier and much better off as slaves than at present. When they were slaves their masters at least took care of them as valuable property. Today, the inhabitants are flogged or starved to death with perfect equanimity, since no financial interest is injured thereby.

THE present Portuguese substitute for slavery is forced labor. Each native is required to pay yearly taxes; and the theory is that only when these taxes have not been paid are men and women seized and forced to labor for the government. As Ross and Cramer show by repeated examples, this theory means nothing. In practice, the Portuguese seize natives at their will and require them to work for months or even years. Sometimes this labor is rewarded by a receipted tax bill, or by a payment in money, which in a typical case amounted to fifty cents for six months' work. Just as often there is no payment of any kind, and not even adequate food or tools are provided. The village supplies food for its own men and women when it can. Labor is requisitioned without regard to the agricultural requirements of the village, so that it is not uncommon for all the able-bodied workers to be taken at the moment when crops are being planted or harvested, thus ruining a whole year's food supply for the community. In addition to this labor in lieu of taxes, the Portuguese plantation owners are in the habit of buying labor from the government, which sends out and seizes workers who are delivered, often in chains, to the plantation. The planter then pays their wages in a lump sum to the government official, who usually puts the aforesaid lump sum into his own pocket.

HOWEVER, in either case the result to the natives is the same. We summarize incidents taken at random from the Ross report:

> From one village 84 people were taken eight years ago and have never been heard of since. . . . Of 200 men taken from one place, 11 died on the three-day march to the scene of their labor. . . . Pregnant women are forced to do heavy labor on the roads or in the fields. . . . One man who stopped work for a day to help his wife in childbirth was severely beaten and then forced to work all day without food. . . . Fearful of an uprising, the Portuguese government refuses all arms and ammunition to the natives who are obliged to do their hunting with bows and spears. . . . On the plantations, to stop work for a moment means a beating with the hippo-hide lash. . . . The government officials are aided by negro policemen, and both these and the white men violate the native women at will. . . . When an uprising took place in Portuguese East Africa a few years ago in protest against these conditions, the Portuguese took a number of prisoners and thriftily starved them to death. . . . Much of the forced labor is expended needlessly. Roads are built where there is no traffic, are made wider than necessary, are laid out by incompetent Portuguese engineers in the most inefficient manner, and the natives, being given no tools, are forced to use their own crude implements, and are then often beaten for failure to accomplish more. . . . Twenty missionaries have left one district in the last eighteen months.

Not the least interesting fact about these revelations is that they have been made before. As long ago

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as 1904, H. W. Nevinson, the noted English journalist, went over the same ground and wrote a book revealing the dreadful cruelty of the Portuguese administrators. Slavery then existed; and the fact that the natives today freely express the wish that they could return even to those conditions gives some indication of what things are like at present.

FROM the beginning of the present negotiations between anthracite miners and operators, it has been suggested that if a strike occurs, President Coolidge will take drastic action. Doubtless his advisers remember that he first came to popular notice by what was made to look like a "strong" stand against the striking Boston policemen, and hope that by repeating the performance he can insure his reëlection. The action proposed is the least praiseworthy recommended by the Coal Commission—government operation of the mines in the time of emergency caused by a strike. The reasons advanced in favor of this course are, first, that since it would presumably be unwelcome to both parties, the threat of entering upon it would lead them to agree, and second, that if a strike should occur the measure would protect the paramount interest of the public. As a matter of fact, however, it would merely constitute a working alliance between the operators and the government against the miners. The government, by taking over the mines, would convert the strike into something like a rebellion, and would be in a position to marshall against the strikers not only all the regular forces of "law and order" but the well-nigh irresistible moral power of public opinion. If the union held out it would be broken; if it yielded it would lose its bargaining power. Wages and conditions of work could be fixed arbitrarily. Meanwhile the relationship of the government to the operators would be that of a trustee collecting their customary profits. Anything else would be "confiscation" and would not be upheld in law. There may be plenty of good reasons why the government should own and operate the mines regularly in times of industrial peace, but to step in only during a strike would, with the prevailing disposition of the government in this country, constitute an utter subjection of the state to the forces of private gain. It is significant that only this emergency action is considered seriously, while the more fundamental curative recommendations have never aroused the Administration's slightest interest.

DEBATE between the anthracite miners' and operators' committees goes on without getting on. The miners, in answer to the operators' contention that wage increases would raise the price of coal, and that the industry could not with higher prices survive the competition of other fuels, point to the wide margin—almost 100 percent—between the mine price and the retail price. They suggest that elimination of the waste in distribution and a reduction of railroad rates would more than absorb any increase in labor cost due to higher wages. They propose a joint petition to the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate and revise the railroad rates. This proposal must have been Pickwickian, since the miners know that the railroads which profit from carrying anthracite are for the most part controlled by the same interests which dominate the big mining companies. At any rate, the operators reply that the Commission is already considering the question of rates and that a petition would be fruitless. As to wastes in distribution, neither party is in a position to remedy them. That could be done only by the consumers acting coöperatively, or by non-existent governmental agencies, or by some other force capable of controlling wholesale and retail dealers. The miners are at a disadvantage because they are dealing with a little controlled confusion and with powers who are pretty well satisfied with the status quo. Their only effective ally would be an informed and organized body of consumers, but that vague thing known as the "public" is such an elementary and sluggish form of life that it seems incapable of real information and organization.

WE HAVE on several occasions referred to the American Conference on the Christian Way of Life. This has a counterpart in Great Britain, the Conference on Politics, Economics and Citizenship, familiarly known, by its initials, as the C. O. P. E. C. Into what interesting fields such a conference can go is shown by the subject lately discussed by the English organization, which was: how can a Christian invest his money? It is obvious, speakers at the conference pointed out, that there are some enterprises which are incompatible with Christian ideals —rum-running, the employment of slave labor, the manufacture of armaments, etc. The true Christian cannot invest in these; but neither can he put his money into a bank and forget about it, since the bank may without his knowledge and consent reëmploy his funds for one of these socially undesirable ends. Various ideas were advanced, of which three were agreed upon as practicable. The first was the creation of an advisory commission which could recommend to the perplexed investor enterprises which were not anti-social either in their ends or the means used to accomplish them. The second was investment in limited-profit corporations organized for public or semi-public purposes (of which the City Housing Corporation of New York, created to provide good homes for persons of limited means, is an excellent example). The third was a frank venture into banking—the creation of a special investment company which should guarantee that funds invested with it would all be employed in enterprises of which a Christian could approve. We think our readers will agree that when such proposals as these can receive the careful consideration of such a body as the C. O. P. E. C., it is far from accurate to say that there is no social ferment in the churches.

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THAT corporations in the United States have been able to raise over two and three-quarter billion dollars by security issues during the first six months of 1925 indicates again what the New Republic has so often urged, that there is no lack of profits, or of the accumulation of private capital for investment purposes, and hence no need for drastic reduction of surtaxes on large incomes. This total broke all previous records for comparable periods, and was nearly $700,000,000 larger than the corporate financing during the first six months of 1924. Only about 15 percent of it was for refunding purposes, the new capital constituting a gain of nearly 28 percent over last year's additions. So easy is the investment market that the trend toward lower interest rates is accentuated, and refunding issues will probably be resorted to in larger quantities wherever possible. What worries us is not a doubt that there is any lack of new capital for investment, but a doubt whether that investment is not being made too rapidly for the general good, or is being devoted to the most needed uses. Does it mean that profits are growing so much faster than wages that we shall see more "over equipment" of industries, leading to stagnation and unemployment, or building up of industries deriving their demand chiefly from the higher income classes? Is enough going into good but inexpensive housing? Is too much going into showy apartments and super-luxuries? It seems to have been assumed by most economists that since capital accumulation is good, the more we have of it the better, regardless of how it is to be employed. Nobody seems to have discovered very definite answers to such questions as are raised above.

AN OUNCE of fact is worth a ton of hypothesis, if the latter be based on incorrect information, or on none. The anti-prohibitionists have been saying for years that the drug evil was increasing in the United States at a terrific rate because those who couldn't get alcohol turned to cocaine and morphine. This theory, to be sure, never fitted in with the other claim of the wets, that everybody can still get alcohol as easily as ever; and it has now been exploded entirely as the result of an investigation by the Foreign Policy Association of New York. This association took the trouble to write to all the leading authorities on narcotic addiction in the country —federal and local officials, physicians, prison directors, etc. Without exception, these report that prohibition has had no effect on the use of drugs. Police reports show not more than one drug addict in a thousand who acquired the habit because of being deprived of alcohol. Hospital records, more exact and more scientific in character, show an even smaller proportion. One New York hospital shows not a single case of this sort out of 3,000. Wild reports have been circulated in the past that we are harboring a million addicts and that the number is rapidly increasing. The U. S. Public Health Service, which has conducted a careful survey, believes that there are not more than 150,000, probably about 110,000, and that the number is declining steadily. Drug addiction is indeed a dreadful thing; but nothing is to be gained by lying about its extent; or by swallowing the fairy stories of anti-prohibitionists who allow emotion to run away with judgment.

WE had thought that the soldier of fortune, the gentleman adventurer who regarded not the nature of the quarrel but went about from one war to another offering his services from sheer delight in slaughter, had disappeared out of modern war. The forces engaged are too large and too impersonal to give scope to the talents of the individual virtuoso. The World War, moreover, was too dull, too dirty, and too dangerous to interest the dilettante. But all this, it appears, does not apply to flying. The air service is still the natural and appropriate haven of the adventurer. There fighting can still be done by connoisseurs whose gospel it is to war for war's sake. In this spirit a group of American adventurers have offered their wings to the French forces in Morocco, and have been welcomed by their brothers in arms in the same spirit of true sportsmanship, expressed, we are told, in good American slang: "Come on in—the water's fine!" Premier Painlevé has risen to the occasion and modified the period of enlistment to suit the needs of these aristocrats of war. It is an excellent idea. We hope that all who feel the urge will obey that impulse and embark for Fez at once, especially propagandizing generals and yellow peril admirals. But perhaps these belong only to the Hot Air Service.

T. W. HIGGINBOTHAM has been acquitted. You have forgotten who he is; and so had we. Higginbotham is the Florida boss of the "whipping camp" who was responsible for the death of Martin Tabert, a North Dakota boy arrested and convicted for a trivial offense and farmed out as a convict, in the barbarous fashion which has been a disgrace to Florida. Higginbotham was tried for murder, convicted, granted a new trial and is now set free. The incident may serve to remind us of one of the practical difficulties which perplex the realistic believer in states' rights. Particularly in the South, there is a strong sentiment of state pride. It operates, not to remove undesirable conditions when they exist, but to produce angry resentment toward "Yankee" critics who are guilty of "meddling." It has been exhibited to some extent in the Scopes trial; and was strongly apparent in Mer Rouge and the Leo Franks affair. It was shown also in the Tabert case; Florida objected bitterly to the publicity given the matter by the New York World and other northern papers, and this hostility to the critics flowed over easily into sympathy for the person accused of wrongdoing. In the meantime, however, the worst of the bad conditions have been abolished —as they certainly would not have been, at least for a long time, had not the "Yankees" meddled.

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SINCE the new quota law, smuggling aliens into the United States has become a flourishing industry, though the total number thus brought in, when added to the net increase through legitimate channels, is probably still less than a third of the normal pre-war immigration. Of the minor plans for evading the quota law, the most ingenious we have heard of came to light not long ago in New York City. It is designed to bring to this country the fiancées of naturalized men, who would otherwise have to take their chances with the quota. Students are admitted to the United States outside the quota for limited periods of time. Accordingly, a clever young woman, herself a recent immigrant, set up a dummy school for foreign-born girls in New York. They receive passport visas as students, land in this country and enroll in the institution. Thereupon the intended husband arrives on the scene, the two are married, and go to Canada on a honeymoon. During its progress, they drop in at the office of an American consul and ask for a non-quota visa for the young woman as the wife of an American citizen. This is granted, the couple crosses the border again, and the wife, with her new legal status as married to an American citizen, is in no danger of deportation proceedings. The young woman who invented the idea is said to be earning large profits from the "tuition" she charges. On the score of ingenuity, for inventing a perfectly legal way to do an illegal thing, we should say that she deserves them.

The Baiting of Judge Raulston

BEFORE these words are printed, the trial of Mr. Scopes for violating the Tennessee anti-evolution law will probably have come to an end, and the culprit will have been convicted, as under the law he clearly deserves to be convicted. The intention of the statute is perfectly clear. Scopes purposely and unmistakeably violated its prohibitions. The scientific evidence in favor of the so-called evolutionary account of the origin of the human race is, as the Attorney General of Tennessee argued and as Judge Raulston ruled, irrelevant to the legal issue. Some authority must ultimately decide whether or not it is sound public policy to teach certain real or alleged branches of science in the public schools of Tennessee. The authority is vested in the legislature of Tennessee, acting as the accredited agent of the people of Tennessee. The legislature ought to possess this discretionary power and it ought not to be hampered in exercising it either by the state or the federal courts.

The defenders of Mr. Scopes made, we believe, a mistake in presenting or in pretending to present his case chiefly as a matter of constitutional right. If they succeed in convincing the higher courts that the Tennessee statute violates either the state or the federal constitutions, they will gain an ostensible victory for freedom of teaching, but they will do so only by stretching the exaggerated supervision which the courts and particularly the federal courts now exercise over the state legislatures. Any benefit which theological modernism would derive from the victory would be more than balanced by an increase in the prestige and authority of an equally formidable enemy of educational progress—viz., political and legal fundamentalism. The power now exercised by American courts and particularly by the Supreme Court to prohibit legislative experiments for the real or alleged reason that they violate some utterly ambiguous higher law, will in the long run provoke more labor and anxiety for American progressives than all the anti-evolution statutes that are likely to be passed. The defenders of Mr. Scopes in this instance committed the mistake which modernists and liberals of all kinds so often commit of fighting a defensive battle on a *terrain* which their opponents had selected.

Moreover, the battle which Mr. Scopes's attorneys are waging is insincere as well as inept. They cannot seriously expect that the courts can or will prevent the legislature of Tennessee from prohibiting the teaching of certain real or alleged branches of science in the public schools of that state. They have apparently been using the trial in order to advertise and dramatize for the American people the issue between those who attribute the origin of the human race to describable natural processes and those who attribute it to Divine magic, masquerading as a fairy tale of creation. The trial is merely a pretext for placing before the American people some startling publicity about the evolutionary hypothesis. They have schemed and labored to present the court proceedings to American opinion in the guise of a melodrama, in which William J. Bryan, the Attorney General of Tennessee and Judge Raulston are portrayed as reprobates who are conspiring to convict and punish an innocent man, and to deprive the jury and the American people of the evidence in the case. What they have actually succeeded in doing is to cheapen not only the trial but the issue by subordinating both of them to the exigencies of theatrical newspaper publicity. They have diverted public attention from the barbarism of the Tennessee statute and from the reasons why it is barbarous, and fastened it on counsels' attempt to place Judge Raulston on trial before American public opinion. The publicity, consequently, after the manner of most publicity, is miseducational. Judge Raulston and Mr. Bryan are only occasional and in a sense accidental offenders, whose personal attitudes are derivative and of secondary importance. The real culprits are the legislature and the people of Tennessee and the educational agencies which are responsible for their ideas. The case should have been tried and the publicity planned, not in order to expose the alleged villainy of the Judge and of Mr. Bryan or in order to advertise the prospective happy ending which the courts are supposed eventually to hand down, but in

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order to bring home to the citizens of Tennessee their responsibility for a deplorable abuse of an admitted and desirable legal authority.

In the end, no doubt, the people of Tennessee will sufficiently realize the barbarism of the anti-evolution law, and they will repeal the offending statute. But its repeal will be an easy task compared to the task of delivering them from the sorry intellectual and moral standards of which the statute is merely a silly and a conspicuous expression. The spiritual fathers of this particular blunder do not know what the word education in its modern sense means. They conceive the subject matter of education as a body of achieved knowledge, which should be imposed on the young and which derives its virtue from being either remembered or believed by its victims. In former centuries, their predecessors have, whenever they could, punished the heretic who refused hospitality to the orthodox teaching. This logical and appropriate means of persuading the erring and the ignorant to accept alleged fundamental truths is no longer tolerable, but the custodians of the sacred word can call in the government to prevent young people from being betrayed into unorthodox vagaries. Thus the public schools are becoming the last fortress of the fundamentalists. The anti-evolution law of the state of Tennessee, no matter whether it is repealed or not, will not be the only attempt to use the public schools as the effective purveyors of salutary political or religious truth.

The absolute fundamentalist point of view is deeply rooted in American culture. Mr. Bryan is merely the spokesman of the standards of religious education which prevail in the great majority of American theological seminaries, and which form the minds of the great majority of sincere Christians in this country. The education which the ordinary American clergyman receives in the denominational schools does not differ essentially from its analogue of one hundred and fifty years ago. It remains an education in sacred words and honorific principles, to which for the most part only supposititious realities can be attached. The official interpretation of these words and principles is taught as the kind of knowledge which, if believed, will enable the believer to understand the secret of salvation and to conduct himself and others to the goal of a consummate human life. These schools have never even considered the changes in their curriculum which the increasing knowledge of natural processes and the improved technology of science may have rendered necessary. They have turned out generation after generation of clergymen as ignorant and as much hypnotized by the traditional meaning and the supposed potency of words, both sacred and profane, as is Mr. Bryan. They have reigned without opposition over a kingdom of discourse which was their particular preserve and which was isolated from the insubordinate facts of secular life and knowledge. Their natural enemies refrained from attacking them because, in spite of the obsolete subjectivity of their intellectual standards, they were supposed to represent and safeguard the spiritual interests of society. Yet during all this time they were steadily separating Christianity from the realities of modern life and emphasizing the merely compensatory aspects of the Christian tradition.

The ultimate offender which is chiefly responsible for the ignominy of the Tennessee statute is, consequently, the prevailing system of clerical and religious training. Some day American opinion will realize that the supposed Christian culture which the average minister now receives in the denominational schools is the most serious obstacle in America to human liberation and enlightenment. It disqualifies the Christian churches for the fulfillment of their essential social function; which is that of adult education. Their business is in part the interpretation of religious truth for laymen so that it will seem to them more important and more real than secular knowledge and experience. In order to perform this work clergymen need to understand what the secular knowledge and experience of today really is, by what method it is acquired, and what it is doing and leaving undone for modern society. But the education of clerics does not permit them to reach such an understanding. It is essentially verbal, oracular, hortatory, doctrinal, uninquisitive and undisinterested. It is loaded for the benefit of official authority. It educates a kind of clergyman who for the most part is incapable of portraying the Christian Gospel in a vivid and significant form for the imaginations of men and women of today. As long as it endures official Christianity will be impaled on the horns of a fatal dilemma. If it is sincere, it is bound to behave aggressively, intolerantly and coercively. It is bound to discredit itself by further attempts to protect by law its alleged preservers of truth. On the other hand, it cannot behave tolerantly without falling into insincerity. For there is no justification for toleration in its fundamentalist creed. It will continue to lose prestige until it prepares itself for its social responsibilities by squaring its accounts with contemporary technology and science.

Cancer Yields a Secret

TWO British scientists have announced the probable isolation of the germ which causes cancer—and have produced a furor that would do credit to a minor war. Half a dozen small nations would be required for a brawl of equal news value. Day after day the newspapers of the world have given columns of front-page space to accounts of filtering and centrifuging and to conjectures by college presidents and eminent practitioners as to the probable time that will be required for the discovery of a complete cancer cure. These prophecies and expectations will be a serious embarrassment to

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Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard, who are not in the least responsible for them. All that has been given to the press has been taken from a report to the British medical journal, Lancet, a report in no way final nor even complete as an account of the research that has been done already. The actual discoverers have been most conservative in their claims, have, indeed, promised the public nothing. Furthermore there is nothing in the official disclosures that has the slightest reference to the treatment of cancer. Scientific caution could do no more. But who cares for scientific caution where cancer is concerned? For that matter, who of the millions that are devouring the stories of "the great new discovery" have paid any attention to the actual details set forth in the news? Who among the editors responsible for the general outpouring can give a coherent account of what has actually transpired? Very few, no doubt. But that does not matter. The cause of the excitement is the dreadfulness of cancer, not the magnitude of the scientific achievement.

Public sentiment is not unsupported by scientific interest. Already accounts have appeared of the departure for England of various cancer experts. But though this kind of interest is a genuine tribute to the work of Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard it does not mean at all that scientists generally expect what the public expects and have gone over to be the first to obtain samples of a new serum. It may mean the precise contrary. One eminent American research specialist has plainly hinted that a substantial section of American opinion has been for many years hostile to the germ theory of the origin of cancer, and that this is still his attitude. Much has been said of late of the work of Doctor Peyton Rous at the Rockefeller Institute, "brilliant researches" of which the recent discoveries are a "striking confirmation." But we must remember that the experiments of Doctor Rous, by which he seemed able to produce cancer in fowl by inoculation with a filterable virus extracted from the crushed cancers of naturally diseased fowl, were abandoned as fruitless, and that since the time when they were done opinion has swung steadily in another direction. Tar has received more attention recently as a cause of cancer than any germ. All bacteriologists everywhere will be keenly interested in what may prove the most important discovery of this generation in their field. Throughout the world researchers upon cancer will pause to examine and estimate the new methods and information. But this does not mean that the new discoveries will be instantly accepted. Men who have been proceeding for years upon the supposition that their work has established that cancer is not caused by any virus will not instantly credit the isolation of a virus.

The position of these scientists is a difficult and embarrassing one. In strict justice they ought to warn the public with unmistakable cautions against expecting too much too soon. Yet who can say positively that a cure cannot be achieved? Indeed, what doctor ever cares to dash the hopes of his patient, however preposterous they may appear to the man of medicine? At such a time as this, caution inevitably resembles obscurantism. Yet the fact remains that a cancer cure is still indefinitely remote. Some diseases, of which smallpox may be taken as illustrative, are "self-limiting." That is, the patient either dies or recovers within a definite period by virtue of the forces the body opposes to the disease, forces which make him forever immune to another attack of the same disease. Smallpox vaccination is based on this general principle. So is that for diphtheria and, most recently, for scarlet fever. But cancer is not a self-limiting disease. On the contrary, the body is apparently powerless to throw it off, and as much so at one time as at another. The insulin "cure" for diabetes is a therapeutic measure of another sort. Diabetes is caused by the failure of certain tissues in the pancreas which are indispensible in aiding digestion. Insulin has no effect upon the diseased tissues. But it does enable a patient to digest sugar by allowing him to draw, for the moment, upon the pancreas of a healthy sheep. But cancer is not the failure of any substance that can be provided from without. There is, of course, salvarsan, which is not a serum but a synthetic chemical specific for a single strain of micro-organisms. But there is only one salvarsan, and that was not invented in a day.

In the obscurity of its processes cancer is uniquely baffling, and therefore uniquely interesting to the scientist. Thus cancer is not a process of decay of any organ or tissue but is a new growth, something which is added to existing tissues. So far as is known the addition may occur at any point in the body, though experience indicates certain regions as more liable than others for reasons which are still obscure. Moreover, the cancerous growth is produced not by foreign organisms (directly) but by the cells of one's own body. These otherwise ordinary cells run amok to produce a cancer, multiplying so rapidly that a festering lump is formed with the all-too-familiar horrors that attend upon the disease. Hence cancer is properly understood as a disease not of the human body but of individual cells within the body. The problem has been to discover what madness overtakes the cells to produce this strange and malign misbehavior. The presumptions of Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard are that two agencies are always present. One is a germ so small that it cannot be seen under the most powerful compound microscope, so small that it will pass through the finest filter and is hence classed as a "filterable virus," so small that it can invade and disturb a single miscroscopic cell. But Doctor Gye believes that he has shown that the virus alone cannot produce cancer. Growths are produced only when the virus is accompanied by the injection of another extract of crushed cancer tissue which is thought to be a chemical activating agent. This is

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the picture: the ultra-microscopic germ seeks to invade the cell but cannot pierce its skin except when it has been weakened by the chemical agency.

But as anyone can see, this is a region in which the surest observations are none too certain. From the scientist's point of view the most thrilling announcement is that of the means employed to make these observations. Several diseases have been attributed to filterable viruses—though perhaps incorrectly; scarlet fever was once thought a filterable virus, and is now known to be a streptococcus. But since an organism small enough to pass through a filter was too small to be seen, the filterable microorganisms have been known only inferentially. The difficulty is not merely one of magnification. Objects of the order of magnitude of a wave of light are too small to be detected by their reflection of waves of light, even in the ultra-microscope in which bodies are not so much seen as identified as specks of light, like dust in a beam of light. Mr. Barnard, however, has devised an instrument which uses only the shortest light waves, from the ultra-violet end of the spectrum, playing them upon the floating bodies upon the principle of the ultra-microscope. The result is the probable identification of the cancer virus. If the identification is correct it marks an epoch in bacteriology, and will be followed not only by a fresh attack upon cancer, but by further microscopic studies for the purpose of identifying other organisms of this order of magnitude. Indeed, the first humanitarian results of the achievement of Doctor Gye and Mr. Barnard may come through some other disease, influenza, for instance, or encephalitis lethargica, where a filterable virus is the probable cause. Any positive knowledge about cancer is a conspicuous advance. But in the long run, the means of getting other knowledge may be more important to mankind. Cancer is still dreadfully obscure.

Coal Policy

LABOR trouble in two essentially different but contiguous industries now threatens the public as it has periodically in the past. Public agencies, in spite of all they have learned from experience and study, seem to be entering again upon the old futile round of reaction. To cry out that whether operators or miners win the consumers lose, to attempt to stifle the protest of labor on that account, to let the operators defeat a strike if they can, if they cannot defeat it to try to patch up a breach in the most convenient way and then to do nothing and forget about coal until the next crisis arises: this is the time-honored and stupid pattern of behavior.

On this account it is necessary to repeat, as an introduction to any attempt at intelligent comment, certain equally time-worn but none the less relevant observations. Labor trouble does not begin with the industrial warfare which inconveniences the public, but with the troubles to labor caused by unemployment, low wage incomes, failure to establish general minimum standards throughout an industry, and failure to gain recognition of union collective bargaining which must underlie such standards. Or if collective bargaining and minimum standards have been achieved, labor trouble begins with failure to increase the standards of life and of status for labor apace with the growth of prosperity for other factors in industry. And beneath it all lie in turn certain basic maladjustments of industry itself, which probably in the long run injure the public much more than the strikes which they nourish. To remedy these diseases, not to suppress the symptoms, is the problem.

The mining of anthracite coal, where the present quarrel threatens first to come to a head, suffers from a type of illness quite different from the mining of bituminous coal, where it threatens to finish. Deposits of hard coal, all lying within the state of Pennsylvania, are limited in relation to the normal demand. The larger and more profitable fields are owned or controlled by a few large companies, which are closely affiliated with the "anthracite railroads" and with the bankers who dominate them. In this sense, the organization of the industry approaches monopoly. It is not a complete monopoly, on account of the smaller independent concerns. Since most of these concerns, however, have high costs in comparison with the large ones, their competition does not prevent the bulk of the coal from being mined at rich and sometimes at extravagant profits. The comparatively high efficiency which usually goes with large production exists here. Mine prices are limited at the bottom by the costs of the marginal operators, at the top only by competition of domestic sizes with other sources of heat such as oil and gas, and by the competition of steam sizes with soft coal.

The anthracite miners are well organized and powerful. They have achieved comparatively good wages and conditions of work. They do not as a rule suffer much from unemployment. Thus they have benefited to some extent by the prosperity and efficiency of their industry. But they are right in saying that their work is extra-hazardous, that they have not shared proportionately in the gains of their employers, and that a considerable increase in labor cost could be met out of profits without raising the price of coal. There is no reason why miners should be expected to rest content with a static income when everybody else in the country is on the make.

The anthracite miners, like the public, however, have little chance of eating into the large profits because of the present organization of the industry. A strike of any length is bound to cause a shortage of coal, which in turn tends to increase the price, and the operators stand to gain from any such increase. The threat of a strike is therefore not a threat of loss to the operators, unless the strike should last long enough to cause a permanent de-

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crease in the use of anthracite. It is not the best of bargaining weapons. The operators may refuse all demands or make counter-demands so as to bring on a strike. The very existence of a strike brings them profits out of the resulting shortage. If they win, they profit at the expense of labor as well. If they lose, any increase in labor cost is necessarily passed on to the public through the increase in expense of the small marginal companies, and cannot come out of the profits of the big ones. The only possible way to combine wage increases with price decreases or price stability would be through some pooling of costs or profits which would distribute them more evenly among the high-cost and the low-cost companies. It should be noted that an attempt to enforce competition, as recommended by the Federal Trade Commission, would be quite futile even if successful.

The mining of bituminous coal suffers, not from monopoly, but from competition. The deposits are widely scattered and more than ample in relation to current demand. The result has been that whenever the demand has temporarily expanded and become urgent, as during the war, or during a period of inflationary prosperity, the large profits made by existing operators have tempted others to open new mines and thus to expand the capacity of the industry beyond the normal demand. The same result has followed temporary restrictions of supply caused by strikes or railroad car shortages. When the demand falls off or the supply increases, the bulk of the industry works on a part time basis or not at all. Ever since the last wage adjustment the industry has been suffering from this cause, as well as from a permanent curtailment of demand arising from the more efficient use of coal by railroads, factories and power plants. Like all highly competitive and overdeveloped industries, the mining of soft coal is highly inefficient and involves tremendous economic waste.

The soft coal miners have been well organized in some districts but organized poorly or not at all in others. Though they have been able, especially in times of temporary shortage, to improve wages and conditions somewhat, they have never been able to extend their gains permanently over the whole industry. The moment a coal surplus arises, the non-union fields begin to cut wages and compete disastrously with the operators who recognize the union.

The plan of the national officers of the union to remedy this condition has signally failed. They negotiated a wage agreement for a long period, hoping that during the years of industrial peace which followed, the absence of artificial shortages would lead through ordinary competitive processes to the elimination of the less efficient mines. This plan might have succeeded if all the important fields had been under union control and subject to the wage agreement. Doubtless the union officers hoped to organize the non-union fields or keep them out of production by strikes. Whatever their hopes, however, this crucial part of their strategy has collapsed. As a result, the non-union districts have cut wages, have remained in production—have, in fact, somewhat expanded it—while most of the union districts have borne the major part of the loss. Influential operators who signed the wage agreement have violated it. Elimination of mines has occurred, not according to relative efficiency, but according to relative subjection of labor. If the open-shop forces had been planning union strategy, they could not have hit upon one more beneficial to themselves.

Mr. Lewis now talks about a conspiracy to destroy the union and threatens a strike to maintain the sanctity of agreements. There may be such a conspiracy, and a bituminous strike may be called on the technical ground that operators formerly paying union wages have broken their word. Such a strike, however, would be in grave danger of completing the destruction of the miners' union planned by its enemies. Unless successful to the unlikely extent of forcing all operators to terms, it would not remove the basic cause of the trouble, but would, like previous strikes, merely aggravate it. The bituminous industry probably cannot be cured by industrial warfare, any more than it can be cured by industrial peace without comprehensive control. The very least essential of a cure is an approach to a uniform minimum wage-scale throughout the industry, coupled with some force powerful enough to prevent the opening of new mines not subject to this scale.

This brief analysis points to two basic objectives which must be achieved before either the miners or the public can get a fair deal in coal—first, some form of publicly controlled pooling in the anthracite industry, and second, some way of stabilizing wages and at the same time preventing over-expansion in the bituminous industry. It looks as if old-fashioned industrial warfare cannot achieve either—unless it does so indirectly by stimulating interest in the problem and stirring sluggish thought. If discussion can begin with these two objectives we may go further than by the old futile recriminations.

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What is Happening in Russia?

FOUR years ago, with the echoes of the Kronstadt sailors' mutiny and the peasant uprisings in Tambov and Siberia still ringing in their ears, the Russian Communist leaders scrapped their unworkable system of so-called military communism and opened the door to a limited return of private capitalism by legalizing free trade. Now, in an atmosphere of political calm, the Soviet government has published a series of measures calculated to confirm and extend the rights which private enterprise obtained with the promulgation of the new economic policy four years ago.

If the declaration of the new economic policy might be called the Magna Charta of the Russian private capitalist, the new decisions of the Soviet government may be considered his Bill of Rights. The new economic policy permitted a trader to open a store or set up a stand on the street without running the risk of being haled to prison as a speculator. The recent measures of the Soviet government give the private merchant some assurance that his store will not be closed and padlocked as a result of the insatiable demands of the tax-collector. They also give him reason to hope that in the future his business will not be strangled by the denial of credit facilities and opportunities to obtain goods on reasonable terms from the state factories and wholesale dealers.

The new measures do not represent any such spectacular turn in the course of Soviet development as was the new economic policy. In fact Premier Rykov recently declared that it was inaccurate to describe the recent decrees loosening the bonds of private trade as a new policy. He pointed out that the Thirteenth Congress of the Communist party, which was held in May, 1924, expressly recognized the "Nep" as a factor of indispensable importance in Russia's reconstruction and asserted that the new decrees were merely the logical consequence of this decision of the Congress.

However, formal decisions are often less important than the interpretations which are placed upon them. The Thirteenth Party Congress did recognize the "Nep." But it also recommended an intensified development of the coöperative trading organizations. Premier Rykov and other Soviet economic administrators now declare that there is nothing contradictory in these recommendations, since the expanding trade of the country leaves plenty of room for the activities both of the private traders and of the coöperatives. But last year this point was apparently not made altogether clear. Many of the Communist local authorities, especially in the provinces launched a crusade against private trade, imposing upon the private merchant such burdens in the shape of high taxes and high rents that he couldn't compete with the coöperatives.

Simultaneously the state factories in many cases refused to sell goods to private dealers. At best the private buyer could only get what was left over after the coöperatives had taken the pick of the state factory products. Extensive credits were granted to the coöperatives, while cash down was demanded from private dealers. Under these difficult conditions it is not surprising that a very large number of private traders (government estimates place the figure as high as 200,000) folded their trading tents and silently disappeared. The coöperatives made large inroads into the fields which were compulsorily left vacant by the ousted traders. Joyous foreign Communist sympathizers agreed with downcast Russian business men that the end of the "Nep" was in sight.

These hopes and fears, however, were abruptly disappointed last fall, when the bills run up by the coöperatives began to fall due. It then appeared that many of the coöperatives, especially the smaller organizations, had considerably overestimated their financial resources and contracted debts which they experienced difficulty in paying. The industries, themselves chronically short of capital, protested that they could not carry along the nonpaying coöperatives as customers.

In March, the Council of Labor and Defense, which constitutes a sort of Soviet economic cabinet, published a decree recognizing the desirability of attracting private capital into trade and suggesting as means to this end: (a) doing away with the practice of demanding 100 percent cash payments from private traders and forcing them to accept undesirable goods; (b) revising the taxation system as applied to private traders; (c) making it easier for peasants to sell their goods directly on the markets. Moreover, private traders have received assurances that their notes will be accepted by the state banks and that the exorbitant rentals which they are now obliged to pay for their rooms and stores will be moderated. They also have it on the authority of the Commissar for Internal Trade and other Soviet officials that "private capital will play an important rôle in the retail trade of the country for many years."

It is not only the private traders who have benefited by this "newest economic policy" of the Soviet government. It has also been decided to lower the tax burdens of the *kustars,* or handworkers and to encourage their activities. Formerly these *kustars,* blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, locksmiths, etc., led an existence that was little less harassed than that of the private traders. Now the previous policy toward the *kustars* is to be radically changed. The government has recognized that the persecution of the small handworkers brought about undesirable results. Many of them were so overtaxed that they

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gave up their trades altogether. This increased the already alarmingly large number of empty hands in the villages and also deprived the peasants of badly needed services. Those *kustars* who remained in business were obliged to charge very high prices for their work, which the peasants must pay or see their horses go unshod and their carts unrepaired. Now both Premier Rykov and Dzerzhinsky, head of the Supreme Economic Council, have publicly testified to the value and utility of the work of the *kustars*.

The next important step was promulgating a series of temporary rules regarding the hiring of labor and the leasing of land in the country districts. Hitherto conditions had been made very difficult for the peasant who employed labor outside his own family. He was dubbed a *kulak* or fist; his taxes were considerably increased; and he was legally bound to observe conditions which were more suitable to factory than to agricultural labor: to give his employes an eight-hour working day and to pay a contribution to the social insurance fund.

However, all these theoretical rules failed to overcome the tendency toward inequality which made itself manifest among the peasants after the introduction of the new economic policy. The poor peasant, without horse or plough (and about 40 percent of the peasants in the Soviet Union have no horses) almost inevitably gravitated into the position of a laborer, in some form or other, for his richer neighbor. The laws were evaded in various roundabout ways. In order to escape the provisions which required the maintenance of an eight-hour labor day and the payment of a contribution to the social insurance fund many shrewd peasants hit on the device of "adopting" male workers as members of their family and "marrying" women workers for the harvest season only, divorcing them as soon as the season was over. Now the Soviet government has apparently decided that it is better to let the tide of economic development in the villages run its natural course, rather than to attempt to dam it with enactments which only lead to evasion and futility.

It is not only in the question of hiring labor that concessions are to be made to the more prosperous peasants. Vice-Premier Kamenev, speaking at a recent session of the Ukrainian Soviet Congress, declared that "everything dating from the period of military communism which hinders the development of the productive forces in the village will be swept away." Among specific changes to be made he mentioned facilitating the process of leasing land. This is calculated to undermine the rigidly equalitarian provisions of the Soviet Land Law, which determines the size of each peasant's land allotment by the number of members in his family. With a more liberal policy in regard to leasing, the richer peasants will be able to secure effective possession of larger farms by leasing land either from their poorer horseless neighbors or from the state reserves. The land will more and more drift into the hands of those peasants who are best able to farm it.

Recent speeches by Premier Rykov and other Communist leaders also indicate a realization of the fact that neither the large state farms nor the agricultural communes (the two forms of socialized farming which have hitherto been advocated by the Communists) can be considered to furnish a satisfactory large scale solution of the country's agricultural problems. The attitude of the average peasant toward these forms of collectivist agriculture, as anyone who has traveled in the country districts can testify, is far from enthusiastic. As for the agricultural communes, the typical peasant, rightly or wrongly, cherishes a stubborn conviction that they are made up of loafers and ne'er-do-wells who have made a failure of their own farms and entered these collective organizations for the sake of the privileges which the Soviet government grants them in the shape of lowered taxation and credit facilities. Despite these inducements, the Russian peasant's instinct for private property is so strong that less than 1 percent of all the peasants have joined the communes and coöperative farming enterprises. Without giving up the idea of large scale collective farms as a future ideal, the Soviet government is apparently disposed to base its present agrarian policy upon a full recognition of the thorough-going individualism of the average peasant. Instead of pushing distasteful forms of collective farming it is now planned to interest the masses of peasants in buyers' and sellers' and credit coöperatives which will appeal to the peasants' instinct for profit and at the same time give them some experience in working together.

Quite in line with the newest economic policy is the proposal to lease certain types of small factories to private individuals upon the approval of local authorities, without forcing the lessees to go through the difficulties and red tape of negotiating a formal concession agreement, such as is demanded in the case of larger undertakings. It is expected that this regulation will make it possible for a number of small factories to resume operation.

Along with these concessions to domestic capitalist enterprise a policy of greater coöperation with foreign capital is beginning to make its appearance. The preliminary agreement signed in April with a group of British and American capitalists for the exploitation of the gold fields of the Lena River, in Siberia, the colored metal mines of the Altai Province and certain iron and copper mines in the Ural region represents the largest deal which has yet been concluded between the Soviet government and foreign capital. Almost simultaneously two smaller concessions were granted. An Italo-Belgian company obtained a grant of oil-prospecting rights in the Shirach Steppe, in Georgia, and an English firm received a gold-mining concession in Kamchatka, the far-eastern peninsula of Siberia.

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So many developments, coming at the same time and pointing in the same direction of greater freedom for capitalist enterprise can scarcely be regarded as separate and unrelated incidents. They all go to make up, if not a new economic policy, at least a definitely new application of the original new economic policy of 1921. From the standpoint of economic change and development 1925 promises to be the most important year in Russian history since 1921, when the "Nep" was inaugurated.

Curiously enough the present measures of the Soviet government can be traced to a cause absolutely different from that which brought about the adoption of the "Nep" in 1921. At that time Russia's economic life was in a crisis of disintegration. Now, on the other hand, the economic life of the country shows unmistakable signs of growth and revival. Production in industry and agriculture, while still considerably below the pre-war figures, is gaining from year to year. The state industries have shown a noteworthy improvement in efficiency ever since the iron-handed and energetic Dzerzhinsky took over the management early in 1924.

The present measures of the Soviet government really seem to be the product of a crisis of growth, if such a paradoxical expression may be employed. The recovery of the country has outrun the bounds which a rigid state socialist system imposed upon it. The coöperatives lacked the capital and resources to distribute effectively the increased products of the state industries. This explains the concessions to private trade. Many of the industries, notably the metal industry, passed suddenly from a state of chronic sales difficulties to a position in which they are unable to fill adequately the orders which pour in on them. This explains the new policy toward the handworkers. The obvious economic needs of raising the quantities of agricultural products which can be exported and of developing the purchasing power of the great peasant market for the industrial products seem to provide the reasons for the new agrarian policy. The need for such metal products as iron and copper, lead and zinc (metal mining has lagged considerably behind most of the other industries in the pace of its recovery) constitutes a powerful argument for concessions to foreign capitalist groups which are able to equip and operate mines which the Soviet government has been obliged to leave idle because of its lack of capital.

In view of the drastic repressive measures which were applied against private trade last summer the question may be raised whether there is any guaranty of permanence for the new Soviet policies. By virtue of its complete control of the country's industries and credit system the Soviet government could no doubt, if it so desired, destroy private trade as quickly as it has called it into life. But the factors which have operated to bring about a more liberal policy toward private capital seem likely to remain in force for some time.

The Soviet government at the present time is faced with two serious overlapping problems: unemployment and overpopulation. The yearly growth in population considerably exceeds the requirements of the reviving industries for new workers. So, despite a recent rigorous examination of the labor exchanges, with a view to eliminating all but the most indisputable claimants of unemployment benefit, Russia still counts in round numbers 900,000 unemployed in the cities, as against some 6,000,000 workers and employes. Large numbers of peasants are also virtually unemployed because of the prostration of the home trades and the shortage of horses. To reduce the number of the unemployed, to provide for the growing population, it is necessary to have a steady, regular development of industry, agriculture and trade; a fact which affords a fairly strong guaranty against any relapse into the discredited practices of rigid Communism.

It is too early to do more than speculate about the probable political consequences of the Soviet government's recent economic measures. That these measures, in so far as they are carried out, will operate for the material well-being of the country can scarcely be doubted; and in this respect therefore the existing régime stands to gain. On the other hand the proposed measures tend to strengthen classes which have little in common with the Soviet system: Nepmen, handworkers, rich peasants. This fact is likely to place before the Communist party some delicate problems in manoeuvring. It will be necessary, for instance, to convince the more simple-minded proletarian members of the party that the state is not remiss in its duty if it does not continue to take the last kopeck of profit from every private trader. The party organizations in the country districts will be obliged to steer a careful middle course between falling under the influence of the prospectively strengthened class of rich peasants and continuing to hamper the rich peasants without really helping the poor.

The new measures are calculated to give a more logical character to the "Nep" and to sweep away the last vestiges of military communism. They also serve to define more clearly the frontier between socialism and capitalism in the Soviet Union. More scope for private capital in retail trade and small industries; grants to foreign capital for the promotion of new industrial undertakings, especially in the field of mining; thoroughgoing recognition of the peasants' strongly developed instinct for private property: these are the most conspicuous deviations which the Russian Communists have been obliged to make from the straight line of orthodox theoretical socialism. Against this they may reckon in their favor the fact that so far they have kept their grip on the vital bases of the country's economic life by reserving for the state the control of the large industries and banks and all foreign trade.

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Moscow.

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Psychology Revolts Against Atomism

> The principal reproach that can be made against the atomic theory, as against all analogous conceptions, is that they tend to concern themselves with numerical relations between elements and not with bodies themselves, thus reducing all reactions to a unified and necessarily imaginary type. In short, they strip phenomena of all real character, and substitute for true explanation a series of symbolical considerations which are pleasing to the mind because it manipulates them with more facility than it does realities in the true sense of the term.

THESE are the words of Berthelot, the French chemist, writing in 1891. Omitting the word "numerical" they might have been written by anyone of a group of younger German psychologists, who have come to be known as the school of the Gestalt or Configuration.

It does not much matter which side you take in the psychological controversy. You may hold with the older school that psychology is concerned mainly with states of consciousness, and bend your energies to the observation and understanding of "experience subjectively considered." Or you may have been carried along by the fierce intolerance of those zealots who proclaim that states of consciousness cannot be the subject of scientific investigation because they are unverifiable, and set up a universally observable Behavior as the datum of their science. In either case, say the apostles of the new faith, you have been guilty of the same scientific error.

You have been dividing your fundamental data where no natural division is, and thus robbing phenomena of all real character. For no one, except by a process of extreme psychical abstraction, ever experienced a sensation, if then, and no one ever reacted to a single stimulus, except possibly in very exceptional circumstances, and even then only hypothetically. Both the sensation and the isolable stimulus, according to this view, are the product of a spurious analysis. Not that all analysis is rejected, but only that wrong kind of analysis which loses the forest for the trees, or finds all the literature of the world in the dictionary or the alphabet.

An example will make the point clearer. If an intermittent beam of light is projected on a screen in a darkened room under the proper conditions, the observer sees a spot of brightness come and go at regular intervals. If now another similar beam of light is directed a little to the side of the first and the conditions carefully adjusted, the observer sees not two spots of light appearing one after the other, but a single spot moving back and forth on a dark background. The addition of the second spot has completely changed the character of what the observer sees. The new experience cannot be analyzed into the two separate spots. It is an irreducible whole. And any analysis of the psychological situation is unsound that is based on the physical discreteness of the two beams of light. We have to do with wholes and whole processes.

Such whole processes are conceived by the new school to be the fundamental psychological datum. They are the mind's natural units, whether we think of the mind in terms of subjective experience or of behavior. Many facts that have previously been explained as due to the relations between smaller units are, by this theory, explained as processes occurring within the larger, natural unit. Thus, to see and solve a problem involves a mental process which is definitely structured. It consists fundamentally in bringing into functional relation in the organism processes that were originally disconnected. If a monkey learns to get a banana that is out of reach by fitting two bamboo canes together, he has brought into one functional unity the originally disconnected actions of obtaining food and making a long pole out of two shorter ones, and Köhler, one of the protagonists of the movement, has noted, interestingly enough, that an animal observed did not succeed in reaching the banana until he had independently chanced to unite the two bamboos. When ne had done this, he immediately went and knocked down the banana with it.

The circle is complete. Everything clicks into position as part of the organic whole-process of getting the banana by means of fitting together the canes. Reasons are given to show that this process of forming a unity that shall include the act of obtaining the banana together with that of putting the two canes together is not accomplished by the mechanism of association. Therein lies an advance over many of the older explanations. Mental life, by this view, is no barnacle-like accretion of elements. It is noteworthy that animals formed the subjects in the fundamental experiments, which may be interpreted along purely behavioristic, non-introspective lines.

It is stated also that the conception of the whole-process sheds light on the psychology of memory. The late Professor Witasek, for instance, claimed to have proved that to remember and repeat certain series of nonsense syllables was not to tack one member of the series on to the last, or even to employ any of the elaborate extensions of this process that have been devised by the more ingenious memory technicians. To explain the facts, one must, he claimed, assume that each bond between the members of the series had behind it the whole strength of the group-bond. The weakest link was as strong as the chain, and individual associations were actually a hindrance. Memory is in general regarded

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as grouping itself structurally, and as subject to the laws of structure. The appearance or the disappearance of a thing in memory is conditioned by certain laws governing the whole of which it forms part, which laws are themselves sub-cases of a more general principle. Persons who have been shown, say, a geometrical pattern and later asked to reproduce it have been found to alter the pattern according to these laws. As Freud points out, forgetting is not due to accident, but neither, on the other hand, is it due in every case to the factor of disagreeableness, as he seems to claim.

One of the more interesting examples of psychical structure, as the term is used by the new school, is that of "figure and ground." An instance is a piece of white paper on a black board, or the land on a map of an island. Rubin, the Danish psychologist whose name is associated with the development of this conception, has shown that the figure has properties that belong to it as a whole, and that these are entirely different from the properties of the boundary lines or of the ground. In one of the experiments, a triangle was arranged on a dark background so that its shape could be altered, and the subject of the experiment asked to make adjustments so that the jag formed was neither sharp nor blunt. One who has received instruction in geometry easily produces an approximation to a right angled triangle, but those who are uneducated in that subject arrive at the most astonishingly varied results, varying from 69 to 107 degrees. Such subjects saw nothing unusual when the angle was placed for them at 90 degrees. When they were told the definition of a right angle and asked to form one, they found this very difficult and laborious. The average unschooled person, if these experiments are to be believed, commonly employs shapes in his thinking. The conception of angles is an artificial one that geometrical education gives. The shape, the figure on the background, is thus a relatively primitive datum. In fact Köhler, the author of the chimpanzee experiments, claims that it is an absolutely primitive datum, that our perception of visual forms, as wholes, is due to certain electrical processes that take place in the organ of sight, not to any synthesizing power of the mind. Thus we see a tree as a tree-form, not by ordering and arranging a host of sensations into the perception of a tree, but directly, as the result of the unitary processes in the eye and brain.

Köhler's neurology, which thinks in terms of electric potentials, will not admit the possibility of a bundle of isolated nervous processes. In his view, each element of such a group of processes acts upon every other element and upon the whole, thus making a functional unity which may be compared with an electric charge or a stretched film such as a soap bubble. The whole process is the primary and important thing, and to analyze, abstract from it, requires a relatively high order of intelligence. Any child can understand the elementary properties of the soap bubble. To analyze the same bubble into its constituent, stresses and strains requires mathematical training of a high order. Köhler's physiological work is looked at askance by many authorities who are not yet prepared to accept all his conclusions. On the other hand, his striking speculations seem to provide a reasonable working hypothesis for the explanation of certain hitherto obscure facts that lie in the limbo between physiology and psychology. They seem also to provide a reasonable physiological substratum for the new theory. Admitting them, one can, it is claimed, mathematically deduce the so-called psycho-physical law which expresses the relation between the stimulus and the intensity of the sensation, a law whose general validity has been empirically demonstrated. These facts entitle the views of the brilliant German, who, as my readers may remember, recently visited Clark University, to a respectful consideration.*

Scientific hypothesis arises out of the disparity between theory and fact as ascertained by the technique available at any particular moment. The group of psychologists who have put forward the Gestalt hypothesis point to a standing psychological puzzle, which may be expressed somewhat as follows:

Our states of consciousness and the situations to which we react are clearly complex. So is the nervous organization by means of which we are conscious and react. When we examine, say, an image formed on the retina we find that it generally consists of parts. How can we then see an object as a whole, when it is given as the sum of apparently discrete parts, and through the medium of structures that are apparently discrete anatomically? To this question traditional psychology has been able to give no answer except to suggest that higher psychical processes are somehow responsible. The answer suggested by the school of the Gestalt is something as follows. The apparent discreteness of the elements of perception and of the situation are illusory. Experiments show that if we treat the unities as primary, and not as made up of lowlier elements by some synthesizing action of the mind, we arrive at results nearer to the facts of experience. Köhler's work even suggests that the apparent discreteness of neurological elements is an anatomical, not a physiological, fact, thus providing a physiological substratum for the theory.

Is the conception sound? Many oppose it, some enthusiastically espouse it. For the outcome, viderint posteri.

GEORGE HUMPHREY.

* No account of the Gestalt movement would be complete without mention of Professor Koffka, who recently visited Cornell University. Koffka is responsible for much of the able and painstaking experiment on which the theory rests. His interesting book The Growth of the Mind has lately been published in America.

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On the Dayton Firing Line

WHAT'S the sense of writing about the trial? The trial, itself, has been a trivial thing full of humbuggery and hypocrisy, conducted by publicity-seeking lawyers, sensation-hungry correspondents, a bewildered judge, a befuddled jury, a pop-eyed crowd that has sweatingly packed the little courtroom and for the first time in history has torn a little American town up by the roots uncovering its every small secret to a jeering world.

The real drama in Dayton was the people, not the trial. Not the conspicuous people who were tied up with the case one way or another, nor the motley throng of strangers who converged there for one purpose or another, or even the unobtrusive prisoner at the bar who was early backed into oblivion by the overpowering importance of his counsel. Not any of these but the men and women born there, raised there, living there or thereabouts.

They were the real story. The more you saw of them, the further you dug below the surface, the stronger grew the realization of the depth and extent to which religion holds them. Religion—real religion, basic Bible religion, is the big thing in this country—the religion of the camp meeting, the revivals, prayer meetings and Sunday Schools of the evangelical churches in the little towns, and of queer, violent, acrobatic sects, creeds and faiths, all based on literal Bible beliefs, in the more isolated districts. The whole region is saturated with religion. Nine-tenths of the people are steeped in it. It is their mode of recreation as well as their means of redemption, their single emotional outlet, the one relief from the deadly drabness of a cut-off existence. In that part of the state there are almost no Jews, no Catholics and no Episcopalians. There are Methodists, Baptists, Disciples of Christ, Presbyterians, Seventh-day Adventists, Holy Rollers and Holy Jumpers. Of course in the small towns, and even in the mountains, where the isolation and illiteracy are almost complete, there are plenty of exceptions; but it is the literal fact that so far as the great bulk of the people are concerned a religion, the rigidity of which it is difficult to exaggerate, absorbs all the thought they have aside from their work.

In Dayton—and Dayton is exactly like thousands of other places of its size—religion takes the place of golf, bridge, music, art, literature, theatres, dancing, tennis, clubs. It is the fundamental communal factor. Of the 2,000 Dayton people not more than fifty are without some touch or association with one or the other of the nine evangelical churches. That proportion prevails in all the towns of Tennessee, in all that section of the country. It is not the life of the cities and it is not the life of the South but it is the life of the small towns, the countrysides and mountain districts not only in Tennessee but in Ohio, Utah, Georgia, Colorado, Iowa, in every state where people live in relative isolation.

For those in these places, take religion away and the desolation and distress would be pitiable to contemplate. Of course they take their religion in different ways, with different degrees of intensity, varying all the way from the lurid fanaticism of the hills where some 20,000 Holy Rollers regularly gather at night under the torch-lit trees, driving themselves into dreadful convulsions through the unconscious practice of group hypnotism evoked by the weird writhings of their bodies and the wild rhythm of their chants and gestures, to the decent dignity of the better type of Dayton citizen who makes no public show of his religion, does not rant on the streets nor argue with those who do not think as he does.

But deep down in his system he has it just the same. It is just as fundamental, although less emotional and more restrained than that of those who live primitively scattered about the lonely hills. In the Daytons of the country the interesting thing is that when men and women of an argumentative mind meet it is religion, not politics, about which they argue. They know no politics. Even the homely virtues of the impeccable Mr. Coolidge leave them cold. With those who read the metropolitan newspapers and go to the movies he is of course popular. But in the main they are not stirred by him nor by any other political figure or by any political fact or issue.

When they argue about religion it is not whether the teachings of the Bible are right or wrong. They differ only upon interpretation of the Scriptures. They will dispute for hours as to whether it is better to say that Christ died to save sinners or that Christ lived to save sinners, whether regeneration, as the word is used in the New Testament, means the same as redemption, whether the Parables indicated one thing or another, whether St. Paul said this or St. John said that.

One night in Dayton I drove out two miles to a beautiful grove at the foot of the mountains where 100 Holy Rollers for three hours prayed and sang violently until many of them were lying on the ground in a horrible state of physical exhaustion and mental collapse. When I got back to the town an evangelist meeting in the courthouse square was just ended. Instead of dispersing and going home, the well-behaved and mostly well-dressed crowd split up into groups and debated various points of Biblical interpretation until long after midnight. This was not an unusual meeting, it was a typical one; it was not due to the trial, it was the habit of the people, not only in Dayton but 10,000 other Daytons.

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To think seriously of convincing these people—either the relatively educated and intelligent church members of the Daytons, or the rougher and largely illiterate folks in the hills—of the soundness of the evolutionary theory as opposed to the Bible, is fantastic, futile, foolish. Scientific facts that clash with the Bible are to them mere ammunition for the Devil in his war against God. They not only cannot be convinced: they cannot be weakened. Evolutionary evidence serves to strengthen their belief, not dilute it. They see in it solely Satanic guile working through misguided or wicked men. They had rather—they say they had rather in pulpit and in private talk—that their children should never learn the alphabet at all than be taught that a single word in the Bible is to be doubted.

If during the trial a bolt of lightning from the sky had singled out Mr. Darrow for slaughter few would have been surprised. Many actually expected it. On the other hand, to thousands in this section it would have come as no surprise if Mr. Bryan, having gloriously defeated the forces of unrighteousness, were to be visited by an angel of the Lord who would whisk the old gentleman off to Heaven in a chariot of fire.

Dayton, Tenn. FRANK R. KENT.

Washington Notes

THERE may be a lot of things Mr. Coolidge does not know—in fact there are—but the pretty art of politics is not one of them. No one has to tell him to watch his step in that game. That's all he has been doing for thirty years and these smart fellows who come to Washington and travel to Swampscott for the purpose of putting him on the right political track soon or late will discover that the President knows things about politics of which they in their crudeness never dreamed. Put him on the right track! He was never off. He has the best-paying political philosophy in the world. It can be summed up in a single sentence—when you have the job let the action come from the other fellow.

The thing that started me on this subject was thinking how very bitterly he has disappointed some of our very worthiest and most stalwart Republican statesmen now serving in Senate and House and who are exceedingly anxious to continue so serving. To aid in the achieving of this laudable end they had their plans all laid to have Mr. Coolidge lend generously of his abounding popularity and prestige. In brief it was their idea that at some appropriate time between now and the opening of the campaign next year the President should come into their respective States and deliver nice laudatory speeches touching upon the value of their public service, their virtues as men and the great need that they be retained in office. In the event he could not make a speech a letter would do almost as well. It was a fruity little idea but they will not get it across.

Mr. Coolidge saw the trapdoor and did not fall through. The story is this: up in Massachusetts where he is now staying, his dear, good friend, Senator Butler, is a candidate to succeed himself in the Senate. It is the first time the pious Mr. Butler has ever submitted himself for the favor of the people and unless the very best Massachusetts judges of politics are all out of alignment with the facts there are an extraordinary number of people who do not favor him at all. In other words his personal popularity, to use a simile understood in the business and banking circles in which Mr. Butler figures is in the red, not the black. To add to his troubles he will be opposed by Ex-Senator Dave Walsh, whose record as a vote getter is fully equal to that of the redoubtable "Al" Smith, himself, and who began to campaign to get back to the Senate the very day last March Mr. Butler entered that august body.

Now Mr. Butler, in addition to being Mr. Coolidge's close friend and adviser, managed his campaign last year and still heads the Republican National Committee. Quite naturally Mr. Coolidge is anxious to have him elected. It would be a distressing blow should he be supplanted by a windy and unreasonable Democrat of the Dave Walsh type. Accordingly when it was announced that early in July a rally of Republican leaders would be held in Massachusetts, it was immediately obvious that this was the first move in the interests of Mr. Butler. The news went out from Swampscott that Mr. Coolidge would attend the rally, make a speech in behalf of Mr. Butler and use his influence to bring into line for him the old Lodge leaders who find it hard to refer to Butler without a great deal of profanity.

There isn't the slightest doubt that such was the Coolidge intention, but he changed his mind. He saw in time to what it would lead if at this stage of the proceedings—fourteen months before the election—he should begin personally to urge the election of individual Republicans. The actual situation was that Wadsworth of New York, Watson of Indiana, Weller of Maryland, Willis of Ohio—not to mention a number of others—all Republicans, all members of the Senate, all up for reëlection next year, all with really desperate fights on their hands, were not only hoping but most fervently praying that the President would make that scheduled speech for the good Butler, make it now and make it strong.

It would have paved the way immediately for them to go to the President and ask that he either write or speak in their behalf in their respective States. As loyal supporters of the administration, as strong party men endangered by the opposition, as Senators and members of the House whose votes he will need in the session next winter, they would have been in a position, had Mr. Coolidge made his speech for Mr. Butler, where he could hardly have refused any of of the others. He would have been hooked.

However he wasn't. He smelled the bait but refused the hook. With just as clear an appreciation of the pregnant facts as the anxious Senators who so closely watched the Massachusetts rally and waited for the Butler speech Mr. Coolidge with characteristic caution held to that solid old political policy which has solved so many problems for him in the past and which solves so many now. He did nothing. He went to the rally but he did not make a speech nor write a letter. From Swampscott the "corps of correspondents" sent out the story not only making it plain that the President held it inexpedient for him to make a personal appeal at this time for Senator Butler but that his desire to keep free from entanglements and embarrassments would prevent his taking any active stand in behalf of the man he is known to favor for the Congressional nomination in his old Massachusetts district. Unquestionably that news

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either came direct from the President who talks to the "corps of correspondents" daily at Swampscott or was slipped to them by the faithful Sanders or the equally faithful Clark, or, perhaps, the supremely faithful Stearns who is living next door to White Court.

In any event it was the real stuff and the chagrin of the aforesaid anxious Senators was pitiable to contemplate. The careful Cal blocked the little game to make him pull the lead in the 1926 campaign. He isn't going to do it. You can bet on that—not even if he has to disappoint Mr. Butler along with the rest. And that fact ought not to surprise any one who followed the fight last year. Mr. Coolidge went through that entire campaign without making a single appeal for the election with him of a Republican Congress. Nor could the utmost pressure brought to bear on Chairman Butler induce that gentleman to alter his strategy so as to extend help to the beleagured and hard-pressed Congressional candidates. As it turned out the Coolidge sweep was so great that not many of them needed it; but at the time they thought they did and there was a tremendous amount of cursing and complaining about the "selfishness" of the Coolidge management. It did not stir Mr. Coolidge a bit and my prediction is that he will not be stirred this time either.

Why should he? He would get along just as well—perhaps better—with a Democratic Congress than with one of his own party. It would relieve him of that annoying charge of futility if the majority were politically against him instead of being politically with him. Then, too, perhaps he recalls what happened to Mr. Wilson in 1918 when he appealed to the country for the election of a Democratic Congress. Mr. Coolidge got an extraordinary number of Democratic votes last time. And no one need think he does not know it.

Friends of mine from Pennsylvania who drift in here from time to time bring the news that as the weeks go by Senator Pepper and the Mellon-Reed organization in that State are becoming more and more worried over the situation. Some weeks ago in this place I wrote of the prospect of a three cornered fight in the Republican primaries next year among Pepper, Pinchot and Vare. At the time I expressed the belief that in such a contest the gallant Gifford might easily run off with the bacon just as he did in the gubernatorial primaries three years ago, and that to avoid this danger the Mellon-Reed combination would put enough pressure on Mr. Vare to get him out of the road. It now seems that some efforts have been made but that Mr. Vare evinces no signs of yielding to them. So far in fact they have been singularly unsuccessful. The Congressman from Philadelphia declines to efface himself in the interests of the pious Pepper whom he does not particularly esteem and for whom his Philadelphia followers have no great love.

Whether Mr. Mellon and Mr. Reed have as yet given him full strength I do not know but I doubt it. I do know that they do not like his attitude, that they are, to put it mildly, disappointed in him and that the best judges of Pennsylvania politics say that if he sticks, Pinchot with the solid backing of the church people will beat a split machine. That is the only sort of machine that ever is beaten. It does look as if Congressman Vare is in a pretty fair position to get almost anything he wants from the Mellon-Reed organization if he will just forget his Senatorial aspirations for the time being. I am told that the mere idea of Governor Pinchot in the Senate gives Mr. Mellon indigestion.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Three for a Quarter

MOST of the books on the ten-cent stalls of the secondhand shops are proofs of Germany's guilt, somebody's account of heroic Serbia, odd volumes of Stoddard's lectures, and the like. The "quais" of Fourth Avenue or Fifty-ninth Street in New York are no happy hunting-ground for lovers of literature or of first editions. But you can pick up volumes of no interest whatever and find the same fascination in them that editorial readers experience with impossible manuscripts. Two of the three (for a quarter) which I found are of this type; they attracted me all the more because they are extremely well known, though unread: From Log Cabin to White House and Samantha at Saratoga, by Josiah Allen's Wife; the third is an informative travel story by Oliver Optic, far less entertaining than his "work and win" series.

The subtitle of Samantha at Saratoga, itself one of a series written by Marietta Holley, is Racin' After Fashion; it is copyright 1887, and is not as funny as Three Men in a Boat. The dialect, in this post-Mencken-and-Lardner period strikes one as patently artificial; it does not so much reproduce the common speech as burlesque the cultivated, with misspellings such as "mean" and "liniment" for mien and lineament. The humorous situations are almost all in the field of exaggeration: Josiah drinks too much from the springs, or tries to toboggan down a balustrade because he has heard that tobogganing is a high society sport at Saratoga. Samantha believes that the straws in her lemonade came from the stable and she and Josiah both take the footmen for "big-feelin" (i. e., high-toned) relatives of a society lady who takes them for a drive. To the same lady's lawn party they decide to go in full dress, so Josiah starts to cut his vest and sleeves down in order to be correct. Samantha, on seeing the hostess in a low-neck dress, declares it the height of immodesty. Her rhapsody on the Hero who died at Saratoga Springs August 11, 1885, is remarkable:

> The air, the whole place, thrilled with that memory, that presence that wuz with us, though unseen to the eyes of our spectacles. . . . That pen wuz hung up over the bed where the tired head had rested last. By the bedside wuz the candle blowed out, when he got to the place where it is so light they don't need candles. The watch stopped at the time when he begun to recken time by the deathless ages of immortality. . . .

From various allusions I judge the subject to be General Grant.

It is pretty pale stuff, altogether; but two aspects of it are entertaining. One is that forty years ago the same cry was raised about the excessive speed of American life, our dashing about, our restless search for happiness. The other is the direction of the book: like all early American satire it is from below, upwards. It delights in ridiculing superior people, from the point of "jest folks." What is really interesting about this attitude is that it is exactly the opposite of the most popular forms of contemporary satire of which the object is the plain person, the Babbitt, the commonplace and the stupid, from the point of the sophisticated and intelligent satirist.

One of the favorite butts of current satire is precisely the legend of From Log Cabin to White House; Mr. Scott Fitzgerald even wrote a play inverting the scheme. The Vegetable, or From President to Postman. The reason for

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this popularity is obvious; apart from the discredit of the Presidency and all political office, the legend of opportunity in America has been overworked; sophisticated people do not believe it to be true, and do not find it interesting if it is true. Mr. William M. Thayer's life of James A. Garfield is proof that the legend was true, but it is no argument for the legend as vital or interesting. The book is not a campaign document, although it was begun when Garfield was a candidate for the Presidency; it is written for youths and young men, and there is, naturally, no place in it for criticism, for irony. No other biographer, unless it be Mr. Alexander Woollcott, assists with such flutterings of the heart at the unimportant episodes in the life of his hero.

> Death seemed inevitable. Fortunately his hand seized the rope in the darkness, by accident, men will say, but by providential guidance really. . . . He stood there dripping in his wet clothes, his thoughts running thus: "Who saved me that time? It must have been God."

This was the fourteenth time in two months as a canal-worker that Garfield fell into the water.

It is shocking how ridiculous and how repulsive his virtues can be made. He was a manly boy; his first dollar was earned by planing boards at one cent a board; he helped support his mother; he lectured a deck-hand on the evils of smoking, drinking, and swearing, and won the fellow's respect; he demanded punctuality of himself and others; according to Thayer he must have been an intolerable prig. It would seem, however, that his associates cared for this quality and were, in addition, nearly all gifted with prophecy. Father Bentley, the head of Hiram Eclectic Institute, where Garfield prepared for college, once saw him leave prayer-meeting and started to call him back, but reconsidered and "as if thinking his request might be unreasonable, he said to the congregation, 'Never mind, let him go; that boy will yet be President of the United States.'"

The way in which this story of Garfield is told is particularly fatuous, but that does not account entirely for the distaste with which one views the record. Add a few touches of the picturesque and a few of wit and it becomes the record of Lincoln; but all our thoughts of Lincoln are colored not by the assassination, but by the actual achievement as President. Garfield's life as a success story is distasteful because it is tasteless; it might almost be a symbolical record of success in America, devoid of interest in detail and fated to futility in the end. Goodness we now call Sunday School morality, although we have created no substitute for it; the vices against which Garfield's biographer, Samantha, and Oliver Optic all warn us—drinking, gambling, smoking, swearing, and in the case of Garfield, novel-reading, after he joined the Campbellite Disciples—are all necessary social accomplishments today; but the whole relation between virtue and reward, between work and accomplishment, has been called into question. The whole basis of contemporary history and biography is to discover hidden vices behind such stories of virtuous success as From Log Cabin to White House; we would take a much deeper pleasure from the suspicion that Garfield was a forger than we do from knowing that he was a constant reader of Greek and Latin. But essentially this fable of the poor boy who rose to power and married the King's daughter leaves us indifferent or annoyed because we feel that just as we outgrew the story at about the age of ten, so America has outgrown it, and we do not know exactly what the new story is she is to tell. We have elaborated the Garfield story; it is still current in the personality courses and the confession magazines; it is current as the basic story of business in America. But all of these are being discredited. I do not think that a man of Emerson's intelligence would say today without reservations that America means opportunity.

The fable of the Oliver Optic book is one of political intrigue, which may be the adolescent counterpart of the fairy story of Garfield. The more famous stories by the same author (William T. Adams) "all have a good moral, are full of fascinating incidents mingled with instruction, and teach that straightforwardness is best," and the series, Young America Abroad, differs from the others only in structure. The setting is a school ship, and the volume I have deals with Russia and Prussia, the information about these countries being given through lectures and directed sight-seeing. The intrigue for office among the sailor-scholars holds these bits of history and geography together, but it has another purpose:

> It may be regarded as a reflection, on a small scale, of the political experience of the American citizen . . . and well will it be for our country when this spirit [of fair play] shall pervade the caucus and the voting places, and those who are selfishly striving for office are. . . . effectually rebuked and ignored.

It all seems extremely futile.

Readers of Mr. Werner's contributions to American biography have been struck by the dullness of the surroundings to which Barnum and Brigham Young brought their sparks of brightness. It is appalling to think of those New Yorkers who used to take their lunches and spend the whole day at a museum of oddities and freaks; and the spiritual blank (in deference to honest religious belief, let us say intellectual blank) preceding Mormonism is too terrible to contemplate. Of the three records I have here only a flash of common sense in Samantha adds anything helpful to the picture. I assume that things are better now, but I remain subject to correction.

GILBERT SELDES.

Engaged

W. S. GILBERT'S Engaged, revived by the Stagers, comes out surprisingly well. One had had the feeling from reading Gilbert's comedies that the humorous formulas which make the charm of his operas might become a little tedious and mechanical when pursued through three acts of straight dialogue. As a matter of fact, the producers have apparently felt this danger and, following the example of Fashion, have attempted to lighten the play by the interpolation of a set of songs with lyrics written in imitation of Gilbert. But the comedy itself turns out still to possess so much life, so much movement and dramatic dexterity of its own, that one feels it might almost have been more satisfactory without the interruptions of the music. This has, however, no doubt had much to do with making it attractive to audiences; and it is doubtful whether the revival would have been possible at all without the relief of caricature into which everything has been thrown by the production of the Stagers. On the occasion of the original production of Engaged in New York one of the local critics is said to have taken it seriously and to have denounced it as "a degrading libel upon a noble emotion"; but the present pro-

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ducers have left no room for mistake even on the part of such contemporary writers as misunderstood The Tavern.

The success of the Stagers' production, however—aside from the question of the musical numbers—lies in the combination of caricature with intelligence and taste. The settings of Messrs. Locher and Throckmorton are clever and charming—especially the Victorian parlor with its palm leaves in vases, its draped piano, its pink and green sofa and its vis-à-vis. And the cast have been happily chosen and admirably directed. Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, in particular, turns out to be an ideal actor for Gilbert: he brings to the role of Cheviot Hill a suggestion of the school boy performing an old-fashioned charade which is precisely in the right vein—amorous devotion, consternation and despair succeed each other upon the surface of a bland basic calm and indifference which is never for a moment perturbed. Mr. George Riddle makes a genuine character creation out of the part of Mr. Symperson—a preposterous, solemn, child-like, mild-eyed British father in a monumental frock-coat, with a vast wedding favor in his button-hole, and black and white checked trousers, which he immediately changes for black when he learns Cheviot is about to commit suicide.

Gilbert's comedies seem to have been the real point of departure for the whole modern school of British comedy. His serious plays were almost as bad as the contemporary dramas he was burlesquing, but in such things as Engaged even more than in his operas he invented a kind of joke which was destined to go a long way. Barrie and Wilde both laid Gilbert under contribution—the former very plainly in such early comedies as The Admirable Crichton and the latter, after his first three plays, which were half hokum and half epigram, in a farce which is sometimes unfairly credited with remarkable originality: The Importance of Being Earnest. The whole method and point of view of The Importance of Being Earnest has obviously been borrowed from Gilbert's comedies (compare the cucumber-sandwich incident with the tart-eating scene in Engaged). When Bernard Shaw appeared, he built upon the epigrams of Wilde and the comic formulas of Gilbert, exploiting and, one would say, exhausting the possibilities of both.

In what did the joke which Gilbert discovered consist? It is perhaps worth while to attempt to analyze it—since, as I have suggested, the dramatists I have mentioned are no doubt destined by history to be lumped in one group, with a very distinguished representative in Shaw. In the first place, of course, it was partly pure nonsense—a literary genre which seems to have become popular for the first time, in England and America during the last century; and Barrie and Wilde have both their share of nonsense. But the development of Gilbert's method in Shaw, who is incapable of nonsense, shows that, unlike Lewis Carroll and Lear, he contained the seeds of something more important. One of the characteristics of the literature of nonsense was to make people behave very seriously and, as it were, "high-mindedly" from utterly ridiculous motives. This appears in such a writer as Frank Stockton, our chief American exponent of nonsense, who, when he is not merely recounting some impossible absurdity with deliberate detail and a grave face, sometimes skirts satire by the matter-of-fact and complacent description of some extravagantly fatuous or cold-blooded piece of conduct. And in Gilbert we have a definite tendency to make his characters pursue mercenary or otherwise self-interested motives which are, however, accepted as a matter of course, with all the attitudes of honor and propriety, both by themselves and by everyone else. Thus, in Engaged, we are shown a group of people maintaining lives of Victorian respectability and talking the romantic language of Victorian fiction but among whom it appears that the young ladies never desire to marry the young man except on account of his money and that the young man does not allow his passionate professions to prevent him from making love to any number of young ladies at the same time. From the Symperson family to Widowers' Houses, as from Cheviot Hill to The Philanderer, it will thus be seen, is not so long a step.

The comedy of the eighteenth century in England, which culminated with Congreve, was the comedy of an aristocratic society and depended on the contrast between the conventions of an artificial elegance and the realities of natural animal instincts, between fine manners and fine intelligence, on the one hand, and gross ambitions, on the other. The comedy of the nineteenth century, which had its beginnings in Gilbert and its culmination in Shaw, depended on a contrast between the respectable conventions of a middle-class society and the mean practical realities behind them, between the fiction of chaste devotion and high principles and the heartless complacency which underlay it. In the dramatists of the Restoration, it was always the pursuit of pleasure which was turning out to be at the bottom of the formalities; in the dramatists of the nineteenth century it is always business which is being uncovered among the virtues and the ideals. "Dear papa," says the Victorian young lady in one of the best scenes of Engaged, when she has just received the news that the bank has failed in which her fiancé had invested his fortune, "I am very sorry to disappoint you, but unless your tom-tit is very much mistaken, the Indestructible was registered under the Joint Stock Companies Act of '62 and in that case the stockholders are jointly and severally liable to the whole extent of their available capital. Poor little Minnie don't pretend to have a business head; but she is not quite such a little donkey as that, dear papa!"

EDMUND WILSON.

The Lake of the Fallen Moon

All day the thundering of water fills
That throat of rock beneath the peaks. All day
The pines hear, and the trail that wears a way
From snow to snow in lonely granite hills.

Rarely, in gold of dying afternoons,
Bronzed riders driving mules from grass to grass
Peer up the booming canyon as they pass
And see a glitter like a fallen moon's

Far off, between the dark of woven trees.
Some say that there white chains of water fall
Down a sheer thousand feet of mountain wall,
Smiting a lake of black-brimmed mysteries

To restless light. And men might track the gleam
From ledge to ledge, and reach the canyon floor,
And sprawl in misted ferns beneath the roar
And monstrous magic foaming of the stream . . .

All day the thundering water shakes the pines,
Tossing in foam against the granite wall;
Rare passing riders linger at its call
And search the woven branches where it shines;

Always they gaze and wonder, always pass,
Driving beneath the peaks from grass to grass.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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It Isn't the Heat

THE sporting page of the Evening Journal, aided by a hot puff of wind, slid from the face of Mr. Sol Weissman, 62, poultry merchant of 514 East 113th Street, who was asleep in the park; slid slowly away from him onto the green grass, which was not exactly grass, and not exactly green. It drifted at first gently, without noise, then viciously, with a tired rustle, then, vaulting, in the most casual swoop, a low iron railing, it doubled up, collapsed, died and was buried in a very small pool of ginger ale.

The face of heaven in the west was vaguely scarred with darkness. Dirty purple chasms opened, twisted, closed, hinting at disappointed lightning. Overhead a mad fringe of cloud shot out distorted fingers against a clearer sky. In as many parts of the city, thirty-one taxi men were changing tires, nameless black tools scattered around them, and nameless heads watching them, moving on, passing by, halting, and moving away again.

A tree whispered in the wind—or rather, an object of wood, partly furnished with leaves, planted at a cost of sixty-five dollars, and doomed soon to be cut down because of the carbon-monoxide from the automobiles, stirred angrily at the passage of some invisible breath. This giant breath, which was partly air, and partly dust, filled all streets, the little streets where people sit on the stoops, and the bigger streets protected by the elevated, and the great big streets where nobody walks bareheaded; it filled them, settled into them, only wobbling at the corners, only lifting the dust in front of United Cigar Stores.

And with pathetic fortitude men everywhere are fighting this breath, this hot, thin dirty soup, their unseen enemy. Thirty, forty, a hundred and forty thousand electric fans smash it to pieces, drive it to the other side of the room, break its wave up into trickles, push it back again upon itself. A million sweating lonely human ships, keeled with O'Sullivan's, full rigged in dirty Palm Beach suits, push like prows their noses through it, swallow it, breathe it in, breathe it out again with tobacco smoke. A million walls separate it into channels, rectangular sinks, Panama canals of heat; it is enclosed in all kinds of cubes, boxes, shafts, melons, keyholes of space, it fills subways and hospitals and untuned pianos and empty milk bottles.

Life goes on, thrashing its way through the heat; life, and death, and bigger and better business, and popcorn-making and conferences and hat-blocking and stamp-collecting and embezzlement and hiring and firing and getting the wrong number. The fly which foolishly tried to escape is dead, and the same thing might have happened yesterday. And yesterday was fairly cool. Collarless battalions continue to count the cost, which they have been known to do before. Little Tony, who was sent out to the delicatessen store with a fistful of pennies, has lost one of them. Lots more where that went to.—Joe, did Scheerer ever answer that letter?—I want a filet mignon and I want it quick—Take off your coat man, you're crazy—Was there anything else you cared to look at?—The Lily cups are all gone—How do I get to Brooklyn please?—Eight prostrated in the Middle West—I could stand another beer like that last one—Is the pool still open?—Well, young man, we'll start you in at fifteen dollars a week—What does the paper say for tomorrow?

About three miles away, a greyish horse has fallen down on the car tracks.—They hadn't ought to load them up like that. It takes two policemen to say he'll have to be shot. Those crates are pretty heavy on a day like this. Ten—eighteen—twenty-five people standing around.—I had a grey horse like that once up in Jersey—Is it cooler out there? Some of these people who stand rubbering around are going to be late. And one of them will never get home at all—but that's another story. The street cars are blocked six streets north and south.

On the thirty-first floor there is a sliver of a breeze. Some carbon copies have blown all over the floor. A copy of the agreement with The National Baseboard Co. has drifted out of the window, and the file clerk in his shirt-sleeves is too late to catch it. So he watches it spin and saunter down the air past the twenty-eighth floor, past the twenty-sixth, where it flaps impersonally and veers eastward, down, down, sideways down, a pale defeated speck now, twisting like a fish into the dark mouth of streets. From the thirty-first floor one sees, between windowed towers, a brass trail and a leaden road, rivers both of them. And beyond, the West complicates itself sullenly, piles up to hide a faceless sun, thickens, darkens, disintegrates into hurrying blotches, promises thunder, and retracts.

While from the city flies up its own trivial thunder, its crackle and aimless bang, bang of metal upon metal, its thump of rubber, rubber upon pavement, its trivial cries from nowhere, everywhere. And the air like syrup catches all these sounds and keeps them.

Mr. Flaherty climbs the stairs to the elevated, but not solely because he weighs 285 pounds. When he has climbed seven steps, he climbs down again to buy the Mirror. When he has bought the Mirror, he starts up again. When he gets to the top he will weigh a little less than he did at the bottom, but don't tell him, he'll never believe you. When he has reached the top he has to change a quarter, while a train grinds down, stops and goes on without him. Those three car trains are always full. While he is waiting for the next three car train, which will be just as full, Mr. Flaherty finds out that the chocolate in the slot machine sticks to the wrapping and to his fingers and to the Mirror and to the change for his quarter. When the train has come, and the people who want to get out have crushed out, and the people who want to get in have jammed in, and when Mr. Flaherty has found a vacant strap, mopped his face and unbuttoned his waistcoat and opened, with his double chin and his free hand, the Mirror with damp chocolate on it, people around him wonder whether he weighs as much as 300 pounds and whether tomorrow will be cooler.

—This is room 1134. Yes, room-and-bath number 1134. Send up a boy. Is it hot down there in the lobby? Will you please have an iceberg brought up to my room by a boy? A real big iceberg, a stem-winder, the kind that a fellow like me who is from Cincinnati would appreciate. That's right. I want an iceberg to hold in my lap and sit on my knee and drip down the back of my neck. Hello, Operator, is this the Grand Central Iceberg hotel? Have you got a room-and-iceberg? I want ice water and an ice-towel and an iced Gideon's Bible and an ice room-key and an ice room-clerk and an ice-spittoon and an iceberg. . . .

In Schabel's laundry, the shirts won't dry. Mr. Schabel and the negro ironer are in B. V. D.'s from the waist up. Anyway, this is better than wet-wash.—Does these collars belong to WYO or W40?—WYO'S a big feller. I think he wears sixteens. Now that W40 he's a little gentleman. No such size like that . . . Mr. Schabel climbs up to the top rack for a package. Up near the ceiling where all the spare heat and wet collect. Mr. Schabel nearly faints.

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Tailoring was better. There goes an ambulance. It's getting dark every minute. Perhaps this will clear the air.—George you otto seen the storm we had once in Syracuse.

Darkness hangs and then moves away. The West rumbles.—Is that an express, Molly?—No it's more likely thunder—Then it will be an improvement tomorrow maybe . . . A few big drops spatter down, spatter and break, leaving dark spots the size of dimes which are soon dry and disappear. The storm moves north, up the river, out of town, away for the week-end, off to the mountains, on vacation with the wife and kiddies, where a feller can breathe. Lucky Storm. Some folks have all the luck—I never could pull down any of the big dough myself.

And Mr. Sol Weissman, 62, poultry merchant of 514 East 113th Street, wakes up and clutches for the Evening Journal, which no longer covers him. And he goes home with his hat now in one hand, now in the other, down a long hot street at the end of which flashes, for a few seconds, the passing of a bright boat, a white vision, stacks aslant, a little white movie of hope framed by the houses at the end of the street.

The boat goes north, the storm goes north, but the heat stays behind, and so does Mr. Weissman, and so does that very small piece of faded and dejected lettuce which he is just about to step on. If he looks up, and not down at the lettuce, he will see a cloud, thirty-one floors high—no, higher than that—higher than any earthly tower, purer than any earthly prayer for rain, shining, shining, and moving north.

It's not the heat, it's the city.

ROBERT LITTELL.

A COMMUNICATION

Gambling with Miners' Lives

SIR: I cannot but deprecate the article appearing in a recent issue under the heading Gambling With Miners' Lives. We of the coal industry cannot escape a certain resentment at having our failings served up to the public at large in such an obviously biased form. Indeed, the subtle dressing accorded this special piece of work reminds one forcibly of your masterly exposure of the ingenious manner in which the New York Times discounted the achievements of the Russian reds. The atmosphere of the whole article is an appeal to the spectacular, and many of the conclusions are so inadequately substantiated as to be easily discredited by anyone who cares to look beyond the bare superficial facts.

For example, the initial reaction of the layman to this article is an entirely exaggerated idea of the hazards of mining. The author has stopped at nothing to create public sympathy, which he plays upon with a superb contempt for the actual merits of his case. Were he approaching this subject with an open mind, for instance, could he not have given a line or two to the fact that coal mining carries fewer risks than are involved in some of the other great basic industries, such as railroading? . . . I agree with the author that "A loss of 372 lives in explosions is horrible, indeed," but is it any more horrible than an equal number of lives crushed out by the automobile in a single urban community such as New York during the same period of time?

One is rather startled with Mr. Wieck's complacent cure-all for the dust-explosion evil, and I cannot but wonder if he proposes to load an additional burden of no one can say how many millions of dollars upon the coal industry by requiring uniform rock-dusting and wetting laws in all of the coal fields. Would he, for example, require the same protective measures in his own state, where there has never been an explosion involving a hundred or more lives, as in other states? Mr. Wieck is familiar, I presume, with the relative safety of the lean Middle Western coals as compared, for example, with the rich Diamond coal of southwestern Wyoming, which has such a high flashing power that the copper furnaces using this coal have been extended to about twice the recognized standard length the world over. As a result of this peculiar phenomenon, Wyoming has been the scene of two major dust explosions, involving a hundred or more lives (lacking one life only in the last), and Illinois has had none, though it produces nine times as much coal as Wyoming.

I think most of us in the coal industry have always looked upon Sir Humphrey Davy's invention of the safety lamp as one of the greatest milestones—if not the greatest—in the history of the coal industry. If Mr. Wieck will read back in some of the ancient works of that day, he will see that the invention of this lamp was the only thing that made it possible to continue mining at the greater depths that had been reached at that time. I am also at a loss to know how he holds the safety lamp in any way responsible for the *dust* explosions; surely he is drawing rather heavily upon his imagination here.

The superintendent or foreman who has helplessly watched the daily exodus of the coal diggers, or miners, at one, two or three o'clock in the afternoon, will certainly be astonished at Mr. Wieck's statement: "But the skill of the most experienced miner is of little avail (to protect him from roof falls, due to inadequate timbering in his room or working place) if he has *no time to apply it.*" The italics are mine.

I do not believe that "faulty equipment" is responsible for nearly as many accidents as the miner's inherent disregard for danger, born out of his daily association with it. I know, because I have done these things myself.

To me, Mr. Wieck shows an astonishing lack of diplomacy in forwarding his cause, when he draws the vivid comparison between the two signs, RECORD HOIST and the pathetic little enamel SAFETY FIRST. When I look around at the financial wrecks in the bituminous coal industry today, I have a very sincere respect for the coal company executive who had the audacity to go before his board of directors and demand money for *enamel* Safety First signs. I do not know who this man is, but in his place my reaction to Mr. Wieck's protest would be quietly to remove all these signs.

Is not a record hoist, an engineering triumph that has no parallel in world history, a thing that might well be emblazoned on the highest chimney? I cannot but wonder if Mr. Wieck has any conception of the tremendous enthusiasm, the wonderful esprit de corps back of such an achievement. To me this is a justifiable symbol of pride in a piece of work well done, and I have no doubt that this was the sentiment of 99 percent of the working personnel,

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from the lowest trapper boy on up to the superintendent. Would Mr. Wieck have us kill this spirit of accomplishment and go back to the days when it would have taken perhaps 2000 women and children working their customary 12 or 14 hours to raise the tonnage now brought up by a single hoisting engineer in an eight-hour shift?

Mr. Wieck, in his belittling of the Bureau of Mines, adroitly twists statistics in an effort to prove his case. I fancy some of those brave souls who have cheerfully faced a seething hell in a vain effort to save some lives must be turning over in their graves at this strange indictment of their cause. My experience and observation of the personnel of the Bureau is a courteous, conscientious, modest and unassuming lot of underpaid men who are accomplishing valuable results in the face of a great deal of thoughtless and irresponsible criticism.

Mr. Wieck gives a grudging word of commendation to the Bureau in its work on explosions, though he hastily qualifies this with: "It was merely a matter of apparatus with trained chemists and engineers working in their elements," and adds: "That explosions have continued with all their frightfulness is no fault of the Bureau, inasmuch as it is without power to compel the application of its findings." I feel sure that anyone at all familiar with the work of the Bureau will take exception to any such sweeping conclusions. A résumé of the major explosions involving a hundred or more lives, shows a rather significant decrease coincident with the time the Bureau was organized—about 1910:

Year	Number of Explosions	Year	Number of Explosions	Year	Number of Explosions
1900	1	1908	1	1916	None
1901	None	1909	1	1917	1
1902	2	1910	None	1918	None
1903	1	1911	1	1919	None
1904	1	1912	None	1920	None
1905	1	1913	1	1921	None
1906	None	1914	1	1922	None
1907	2	1915	1	1923	1
				1924	2

Though the Bureau was formed about 1910, as I recollect, it took some four or five years for it to get thoroughly organized and equipped, conduct its initial experiments and get these before the coal operators. Beginning with the year 1916, the figures speak for themselves, as to whether the Bureau was doing any effective work, as anyone can see. This record was made in the face of a constantly increasing production at greater depths the average output now exceeding that at the time the Bureau was organized by perhaps 50 percent. Furthermore, the mines were working under heavy pressure, and somewhat undermanned for about five years of this period, due to the war conditions and the subsequent heavy demand for coal.

Mr. Wieck holds the "professors" of the Bureau up to considerable ridicule in their efforts to put over certain accident-prevention lessons by photographic illustrations, and then says, "The truth is the Bureau has failed to reach the miner." When we remember that only 12 percent of the bituminous coal miners in the country can read and write (and these no doubt belong almost exclusively to the executive personnel, in one capacity or another), the absurdity of Mr. Wieck's subtle efforts at ridiculing the policy of the Bureau in this respect must be at once apparent to any fair-minded individual.

I am alive to the fact that there has been a sprinkling of the intelligentsia, college graduates, etc., who have been attracted by the $7.50 minimum wage in the Union fields, with the long summer rest and idleness, and have thrown in their lot with the miners. But I would certainly take exception to Mr. Wieck's statement that "Europe has sent this country great numbers of experienced miners." Italy, Finland and Poland have no coal mines at all, so far as I know, and while Russia and Austria have a very few, I have never in my quarter of a century in the coal industry seen a coal miner from any of these countries. Mr. Wieck knows, I presume, that the British and German miners became a thing of the past with the dawn of this century, and if he can produce a class of intelligent miners, such as he would seemingly have us believe make up the rank and file, I am sure it would be a refreshing sight to a good many hard-pressed and discouraged foremen and superintendents.

I hold no brief for many of the well known and recognized evils that are inherent to the industry, but this "down with everything" attitude is a far cry from the constructive criticism that is needed to correct these evils.

A. T. Shurick.

Athens, Ohio.

CORRESPONDENCE

Tennessee and the Constitution

SIR: I cannot agree with your recent editorial, Tennessee and the Constitution, the tenor of which is that there are no constitutional provisions bearing definitely on the Tennessee anti-evolution law. The first amendment to the federal Constitution states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion"; and the constitution of Tennessee is even more definite on the subject, as follows: "No preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship," (Section 3 of the Declaration of Rights), and "No political or religious test, other than an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and of this State, shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under this State," (Section 4 of the same).

The constitutionality of the law would depend on the interpretation of "religious establishment," and on whether the position of teacher is to be considered a "public trust."

J. Z. Howard.

Knoxville, Tenn.

SIR: I have read with interest your editorial on Tennessee and the Constitution in your issue of July 8. While agreeing with nearly everything you say, there still remains a doubt concerning your conclusion that "fundamental issues of constitutional law may therefore be put to one side in any serious consideration of the legal game now about to begin in Tennessee." This doubt does not arise because I believe that the constitutional objections to the Tennessee legislation to which you refer are more serious than you think them, but because of one possible constitutional objection which you fail to mention: "Admitting that a state may lawfully prohibit the teaching of evolution in its public schools, can it make what Mr. Scopes is alleged to have done a crime?"

Most lawyers will probably agree with you in thinking that it is not at all likely that the Supreme Court will hold that the clause in the Fourteenth Amendment prohibiting a State from depriving any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law does not prevent Tennessee from directing what shall or shall not be taught in its public schools. But it is one thing for a State to employ its teachers on the condition that they shall teach as the State directs, or to dismiss a teacher who disobeys its orders as to what he shall teach, and quite another thing to send him to jail or fine him for this disobedience. A general law declaring that those who break their contracts with others could be prosecuted as criminals would probably be regarded as so far unfair and arbitrary as to deprive those convicted under it of their liberty without due process of law. The Scopes case may raise the question whether the State with its constantly increasing army of employes may make any breach whatsoever on the part of an employe of any order a criminal offense. As far as I am aware this

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question has never been decided by the Supreme Court. That there are certain classes of employes, as members of the military forces, who may be deprived of their liberty for the breach of any order, no matter how trivial, may be admitted. Furthermore it may be that every State employe, even the public school teacher, may be subject to criminal prosecution for the violation of some orders, as, for instance, an order not to permit a pupil manifestly suffering from a serious skin eruption to remain in the classroom without a physician's certificate of the non-contagious nature of the disease. But while all this may be admitted, it does not necessarily follow that a violation of every order to a State employe can be treated by the state as a criminal offense. Thus, assuming that Mr. Scopes has violated a lawful order of his employer, the State of Tennessee, the case against him in the course of its development may yet involve the vitally important question whether under the due process of law clause in the Fourteenth Amendment he can be subject to criminal prosecution for stating, contrary to his orders from the State, what he believes to be facts in regard to the history of the development of the life of man on the earth.

If a State can make what Mr. Scopes has done a criminal offense, it is difficult to imagine any violation of an order to its employes which a State cannot hereafter make criminal. Such a decision goes a long way toward allowing the State as an employer to make slaves of those who are foolish enough to accept State employment. If this question is not a fundamental constitutional question, I am at a loss to know what kind of a question would be regarded as fundamental.

W. Draper Lewis.

Northeast Harbor, Me.

[The point made by Mr. Lewis does not raise what we had in mind by "fundamental issues of constitutional law." We used the term in the restricted sense of those issues which go to the constitutional power of Tennessee to accomplish its main end of excluding mention of evolution from the public-school curriculum. Whether a recalcitrant teacher may be fined or only fired is a matter of minor moment.

It is quite conceivable that the State's full freedom to regulate state business may not carry with it an equally full freedom to wield the club of criminal prosecution. Yet it was in the course of sustaining convictions and resultant criminal penalties that the Supreme Court held it constitutional for Kansas to prescribe an eight-hour day for employes on public works and for New York to exclude aliens from employment on public works. The point raised by Mr. Lewis seems to have been left unnoticed by counsel and court.—The Editors.]

The Quarrel in the Garment Trades

SIR: The arguments advanced by Mr. Louis Hyman in your issue of July 22, in defense of his acts and the acts of his fellow "joint-actionists" are as mythical and as removed from reality as is his "committee of action."

It is hardly necessary, at this time, to reiterate that the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union has, ever since its organization, maintained a consistent record as a progressive labor union, and that it has never attempted and does not now attempt to control the political views or activities of its members; that it does not consider it improper for a local union to arrange May Day demonstrations or to invite radical speakers to address such meetings.

A definite line of demarcation, however, must be drawn between the mere expression of political views by the members within the organization or their political activities outside the organization, and activities which have for their object the committing of the Union to an outside organization to the extent of taking orders from such organizations and thereby dividing the Union along lines entirely foreign to its aims, objects and struggles.

A movement of the latter kind has developed within the last few years under the auspices of the Communist party, the Workers' party, the Trade Union Educational League and similar groups. The all-important feature which distinguishes these organizations from all other radical political organizations which we knew in the past, is that their definite and announced purpose is to dictate policies of our Union, to "capture" its officials and locals, to discredit the administration of our Union under all circumstances, and to bring dissension and discord within our ranks. That this is the purpose of the organizations mentioned is clearly shown by their own publications, their official programs and above all by the consistently abusive, hostile and pernicious attitude of their Jewish organ, to which Mr. Hyman and his fellow "joint actionists" loyally and steadily contribute.

The unity of our organization and the harmony and coöperation of all its members is, of course, at all times the most vital and important factor in our movement. It is more so than ever now when our Union is engaged in a movement for radical changes in our industry for the benefit of the workers. To choose this critical time for the purpose of prejudicing public opinion against the Union by irresponsible and sensational public demonstrations, and to convey the impression of a division and of weakness within the ranks of the organization; to have taken advantage of the customary May Day celebration for the purpose of arranging a Communist demonstration under the auspices and in the name of the locals; and to have gone out of their way to invite spokesmen who are well known for their hostility to the International—is a very grave offense against the Union and its members.

Mr. Hyman is denying that the majority of the suspended members of the three executive boards are members of the Workers' party and that only minorities among them belong to it. When these suspended officials were running for election last fall, they all denied before the election committee that they were Communists or that they belonged to any leagues hostile to the I. L. G. W. U. They *all* signed statements to the effect that "they do not belong to any Communist leagues and that they consider such leagues as a menace and a detriment to the trade-union movement." When they got into office, however, they threw off their masks and began to sabotage every constructive effort of the Union. Now they are professing that not *all* of them are members of the Communist party, but they are just as truthful about it as they were when they denied it before the election committee last fall.

The rest of Mr. Hyman's argument is, from the point of veracity, just as substantial. A sample of it is contained in the assertion that the Union's policy is to "announce one sort of agreement to the workers and sign another with the bosses"—a statement so preposterous that it will only provoke smiles among our members. In line with it is the statement that "they have demanded an accounting for the expenditures of $2,000,000 by the Joint Board," made obviously to create the impression that the Joint Board spends lavishly millions of dollars without system and accounting—whereas it is known to anyone who has ever had any dealings with the Joint Board that each penny it spends is carefully accounted for by an elaborate accounting and auditing system which is always open to inspection by responsible members of the organization, and that most of these expenditures were approved by this self-same Mr. Hyman in his capacity as secretary of Local 9—together with the other secretaries of the other local unions—and also as a member of the finance committees during strikes.

Concerning the charge of "undemocratic system of representation" on the Joint Board, which gives each local the same representation regardless of numbers, this system was adopted by the Joint Board nearly twenty years ago for no other purpose than that of giving every trade and craft in the industry represented in the Joint Board an equal voice so that the smaller crafts might not become overwhelmed by the larger trades, and have their interests ignored and unfavorable restrictions imposed upon them. The smaller locals still refuse to give up this prerogative which they consider their only means of protection against the large locals, and the conventions of the Union have in the past sustained the viewpoint of the smaller locals. To say that the conventions have acted in this way because they were opposed to the "radicalism" of the larger locals is not true, as the conventions pursued the same course even when the larger locals were decidedly "conservative" and were solidly behind the administration of the Union. It may be added that the convention does have proportional representation; yet, in spite of that fact, it has always refused to change the system of representation in the Joint Boards, feeling that the smaller locals would be submerged.

Members of our organization have the unabridged right to fight for any reform within our Union. They must, however, make use in their fight of methods approved by our by-laws and sanctioned by the tradition of our organization. To shout for a "democratic union" and to make use at the same time of the blackjack of misrepresentation and of unbridled abuse may be good Communist tactics but will prove fatal to the shouters in the end.

Morris Sigman,
President, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

New York, N. Y.

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A German at the Court of Louis XIV

The Letters of Madame. Translated and edited by Gertrude Scott Stevenson. Two vols. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 595 pages. $5.

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE was the daughter of Charles-Louis, Elector-Palatine, born in 1652, married at nineteen to Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV, and thereafter, for upwards of fifty years, a central figure of the French court, and for part of the time its leading lady, always with the distinction of being called simply Madame. Besides being sister-in-law of the King of France and mother of the Duke of Orleans who succeeded him as regent, she was related to practically every royal personage in Europe. She saw the exiled royal family of England intimately at Saint-Germain, and at the same time her most constant correspondent was her aunt Sophia, wife of the Elector of Hanover whose son supplanted the Stuarts on the English throne as George I. When her granddaughter was betrothed to the Prince of the Asturias, she recalled the fact that two of her near relatives had been in succession queens of Spain. She belonged to the age in which letter-writing flourished as marvelously as did vegetation in the carboniferous period. Each day in the week had its regular correspondent. "Sunday I write to my dear Aunt the Electress and to my daughter in Lorraine, on Monday to Switzerland and to the Queen of Spain, on Tuesday to Lorraine, Wednesday to Modena, Thursday to Hanover again, Friday to Lorraine, and on Saturday I make up anything I have not yet been able to write during the week." Living in the full blaze of Le Roi Soleil she remained German, and most of her letters were written in that language. She was, in fact, a foreign correspondent at Paris, sending her reports to her relatives remote from that centre of civilization. She had unequaled facilities for learning the news and for distributing it. Again and again she refers to the censorship by which her letters were read and to which she paid no reverence at all. And thus she has left an account of the court of France during the last two-thirds of the reign of Louis XIV and during the seven years of the regency which is unequaled for first-hand quality, for vividness and vivacity.

This is the period in part covered by the Mémoires of Saint-Simon of which Sainte-Beuve wrote: "Every epoch which has not had its Saint-Simon seems at first a desert, silent, without color, uninhabited." Undoubtedly the letters of Madame gain in interest by virtue of the general background of knowledge of the age of Louis XIV for which Saint-Simon is responsible. But there is between them the difference between the immediate record of the journal and the recollected transcript of the memoir. Madame was nearer to domestic events than was Saint-Simon. She was in fact one of his primary sources. Reading Madame's account of the appearance at court of Madame de Maintenon under the protection of Madame de Montespan, and her steady supplanting of the latter in the king's favor, we find it difficult not to believe that we have here the original authority for Saint-Simon's more elaborate story. Her remark on the final triumph of Madame de Maintenon: "Louis XIV thought he had gained a triumph over virtue herself when he lay with the old woman as he did every afternoon," is a note of laconic realism which we miss in the Mémoires. Particularly to those readers who have not time for the seventeen volumes of Saint-Simon are to be recommended the Letters of Madame, which, edited and annotated with skill by Miss Stevenson, give a connected history and a colored picture of the French court during the great half-century.

Of that history the story of Madame herself and her personality are an important part. As second wife of the Duc d'Orléans she had to struggle in her own household against a cabal of the Duke's favorites who, it was suspected, had put her predecessor to death. As mother she tried to protect her children against the fierce luxury of the time, and particularly against the obsession of the king to make the blood of his bastard children flow back into the legitimate channel, by marriage between them and scions of the royal house. Her son, afterwards regent, was indeed married by royal order to a daughter of Madame de Montespan; but she saved her daughter from the bed of another of the bastard brood, the Duc du Maine. She saw one granddaughter married to the king's legitimate grandson, the Duc de Berri, another installed as Abbess of Chelles, a third married to the Duke of Modena, and a fourth to the Prince of the Asturias. She was compelled to fight for her place in the sun against the influence of Madame de Maintenon; but Louis XIV evidently liked her blunt honesty, and one interest which she shared with him to the exclusion of his mistress and wife—the chase—was a bond between them. After the death of Louis, when her son became head of the state, she was filled with anxiety over the regent's debauchery, the intrigues against him, and the financial ruin of France brought nearer by the Mississippi Bubble. Almost at the close of her life she wrote of an ominous riot in the Rue Saint-Honoré. But she added: "I gave no sign of my feelings, because in such a case it doesn't do to show a lack of courage. I had myself driven to the Palais-Royal as usual."

Of the characters who peopled the court of Louis XIV we come to know a good many from Madame's point of view by her record of their behavior. She had a firm belief in her understanding of them. Toward Madame de Maintenon her hatred was inveterate. She constantly called her the old whore in letters which she knew would certainly be read by the censors. Her sketch of the Regent is most enlightening. She had no doubts as to his morals, and frequently wrote of running across her illegitimate grandchildren with which he had strewn Paris. But she testified to the seriousness with which he assumed the position which belonged to him as the eldest legitimate member of the royal family, and the energy with which he strove to fulfill its duties, working from six in the morning to eight at night. She constantly recorded his good nature, his generosity, his careless tolerance, in which he resembled the most attractive of the Bourbons, Henry of Navarre.

> Every day I tell my son that he is too good-natured, but he just laughs and asks me whether it isn't better to be kind than spiteful . . . My son labors night and day to restore things to order, and gets no thanks from anyone . . . He is so disinterested that he has not touched the money which is his due as Regent. He has not taken a single livre of it, although he needs it badly because of his numerous children.

Altogether she does not a little to salvage a character which has been made a famous derelict of history by ferocious propaganda.

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It is the character of Madame herself, however, which lends most interest to her letters. She never lost the habits of propriety which she brought from Protestant Germany. Her instinct for the home was strong, and her interest in her half-brothers and sisters—the fruit of her father's morganatic marriage—led to much letter-writing. In France this feeling for family life was transferred to the court, of the distinctions and ceremony of which she was the chief upholder. She never forgot who might sit in her presence and who might not, who might sit in armchairs and who on stools. After recording the noble visitors who came to congratulate her upon the betrothal of her granddaughter to the son of the King of Spain she added: "The ladies who do not sit down were numerous and I am sure I have forgotten many tabourets." Again she noted: "No ladies will come to see me now, because I will not allow them to appear before me as they do before Madame d'Orléans, without stays and wearing scarves and loose gowns."

Of a highly realistic turn of mind, she had no illusions about herself.

> I am as square as a dice; my skin is red, tinged with yellow; I am beginning to go grey, and have pepper and salt tresses; there are wrinkles on my forehead and round my eyes; my nose is as crooked as it always was and is pitted with smallpox to boot, as are also my cheeks which are pendulous, with large jaws and jagged teeth.

She was equally clearsighted and plainspoken about her relatives, among whom the impoverished Bourbon blood ran into all sorts of deformity. She blinked nothing in recording the vices of the time. Gambling she saw as the chief cause of the breaking down of standards of rank. "They want people who can play for high stakes, but people of high rank are not the wealthiest, so that they are willing to play with all sorts of riff-raff, provided that they have money." In regard to the prevalence of sexual vice she noted that "out of nine young men who were dining with my grandson, the Duc de Chartres, the other day, there were seven who had the French disease." And of William III she wrote casually: "People who have those tastes do not bother much about women. I have become so knowing about it since I came to France that I could write books on the subject." Again and again occur such remarks as: "If it be true that Cardinal Azoline poisoned Queen Christine," or "If it be true that Monsieur de Louvois died of poison." Of the poisoning of her predecessor, the first wife of Monsieur, she gave a most specific and detailed account. Nevertheless she maintained a blunt humor and a lively curiosity about the phenomena of life, even of such scabrous varieties. She repeats the story of two lovers of Ninon de l'Enclos shaking dice to determine the paternity of her child, an anecdote upon the truth of which M. Magne casts reasonable doubt. With great gusto she wrote the Electress of Hanover of the escapade of a boy at the Jesuit College. Tired of being whipped for breaking bounds at night, he employed a painter to decorate his posteriors with portraits of Saint Ignatius and Saint Francis Xavier, and when next caught he implored those saints to prove his innocence. When the fathers pulled down his breeches they were confronted by the miracle as a fait accompli. "They threw themselves on their knees, saluted the boy's behind with kisses, and called all the pupils together" to witness that the rogue had turned out to be a saint worthy of that holy company.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Blasting at the Constitution

The Essential American Tradition: An Anthology, by Jesse Lee Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. 348 pages. $3.

MANY a despised Anglo-Saxon brought up in Northern schools a generation ago learned in his history books the language of a great tradition—a body of doctrine drawn from the pure word of the ancients, among whom Roger Williams, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Ralph Waldo Emerson towered like giants. That tradition represented liberty of the spirit as a precious possession, worthy of human nature, and the safest guide to captains on the bridge. Of course none was so innocent as to suppose that it was never violated or to assume that no hypocrisies were ever committed in its name. The avowed exceptions only made more sacred the doctrines handed down by the fathers. The tradition itself was never impeached, and even timid souls taught it in colleges before the seats of the mighty were usurped by the Menkens (S. S.), Stevensons, Lusks, Palmers, Gregorys, Daughertys, Burnses, witch-burners, Kluxers, tail-twisters, and illuminati of the new day. Even now, though temporarily obscured in the dust stirred up by the righteous guardians of their neighbors' business, that noble tradition may yet be rescued from the infidel. Indeed there are some signs of encouragement on the horizon. Recently President Coolidge—certainly no Jack the Giant Killer—plucked up courage enough to tell the graduating class at the Naval Academy that in this country the civil government is supreme over the military arm. Even more significant is an excellent new book by Mr. Bennett summarizing various important parts of the tradition.

In this volume are many brief extracts from the writings of the fathers and their sons (some day the mothers and daughters will be heard from), arranged under convenient heads and introduced by an illuminating preface. "If there be any among us," says Thomas Jefferson, "who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." There stand the words on page 115. On the next page there is the summary of American principles from Jefferson's inaugural—including "the supremacy of the civil over the military authority"—Mr. Coolidge's new discovery. A stanch Republican father, Seward tells us that "Degenerate descendants of such ancestors should we indeed be, did we not value above all other blessings the boon of liberty—above all other distinctions, that of self-government." Another Republican father, A. Lincoln, makes a few reflections on page 131. "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. . . A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the citizen . . . The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats." His successor, Woodrow Wilson, observes to some new citizens: "You have taken an oath of allegiance to the United States. Of allegiance to whom? Of allegiance to no one unless it be God. Certainly not to those who temporarily represent the Great Government." Long

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before, the bold preacher, Channing, said something on war: "The cry has been that war is declared and all opposition should therefore be hushed. A sentiment more unworthy of a free country could hardly be propagated. If the doctrine be admitted, rulers have only to declare war and they are screened at once from scrutiny." It does seem to be so, or is it an illusion of a Boston clergyman? Another gentleman, not a Russian Jew, but a New England preacher, Theodore Parker, stands right up in the middle of the Mexican War and says: "Your President tells us it is treason to talk so! Treason is it? . . . Why, if the people cannot discuss the war they have got to fight and pay for, who under heaven can?" Yea, verily, who can? and when? Then on page 208 appears a passage from Mark Twain. According to authentic records, he was born in the United States and never got entangled with Hegelian dialectic, and yet he foretold many years ago the antics of the German professors and the operations of Mr. George Creel's vigilance committee. On the next page Mr. William Howard Taft defends the right of the people to criticize the courts. That is strange. The new canons make it lèse majesty. The limit is reached on page 308 where Charles Sumner is quoted as saying:

> An officer of our navy, one of the heroes nurtured by war, whose name has been praised in churches, going beyond all Greek, all Roman example, exclaimed, "Our country, right or wrong,"—a sentiment dethroning God and enthroning the Devil, whose flagitious character must be rebuked by every honest heart. How different was virtuous Andrew Fletcher . . . in saying that he "would readily lose his life to serve his country but would not do a base thing to save it."

Surely Charles Sumner must have been on the executive committee of the Communist International. Perhaps his name was really Sommerzeit.

The whole anthology is crowned by noble extracts from recent judicial decisions on civil liberty—most of them from dissenting opinions! Ring for the curtain. The publishers tell us in the flare that "True 100 percent Americanism is here defined." In view of the majority opinions of the Supreme Court the book is clearly contrary to the letter and spirit of the Constitution as now disclosed to Marshall's great successors—Pierce Butler and James C. MacReynolds—and therefore null and void. The sheriff and common hangman in their several jurisdictions will accordingly do execution. It was undoubtedly the study of such writings by Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Sumner that made so many old-fashioned Americans seem utterly mad in the Year of Jubilee (1917). It is to be hoped that a million copies will be sold—to the collectors of antiques.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Brilliant Decoration

The Thirteenth Caesar, by Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

Out of the Flame, by Osbert Sitwell. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

FOR nearly a decade the three Sitwells have been the most effectual antagonists of the poets who rather too often dilute the English tradition into Georgian anthologies and prove to their own ease that a safe repetition of threadbare properties, with the approval of Mr. Gosse, is better than the timidest formation of the literary conscience into a living poetry. The Wheels poets have recorded their opposition in considerable direct invective, interesting, perhaps, quite out of proportion to the intrinsic value attaching to the mediocrities they have satirized. But they have justified this assumption of the rôle of Archilochus among the blockheads of an age by producing a limited quantity of distinguished verse, most of it in the books of Miss Edith Sitwell.

These poets and Mr. Aldous Huxley, in his Leda, had at least one more preoccupation in common than their interest in Rimbaud and Laforgue, and T. S. Eliot's assertion that "novelty is preferable to repetition": they had the immediately available example of the poems of Mr. Eliot himself. And although they have with the integrity of good writers avoided imitating one another, they have Mr. Eliot to acknowledge for much of their discipline and themselves to censure for an excessive pictorial imagery which continually betrays them into a monotonously attenuated rewriting of their own poems. But exception, by way of indicating a distinction for further use, must be entered for Miss Sitwell, who more than any other young English poet integrates the extensions of her intuition in a fully realized visual world, small but entirely her own: yet even in Miss Sitwell, at her worst, pure fantasy roots the correspondences out of any definitely perceivable world, and since her mind doesn't move toward large conceptual structures, her poetry is occasionally only a metallic rigidity of phrase pleasing at first, then scattering and unsatisfactory.

This distinction, in different terms, must be even more carefully applied to the work of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. He speaks of his world as the "glass world of metaphor"—a world rich from an observation of the slighter aspects of nature, a static world without life or process of its own where Mr. Sitwell's eye stops for a transition which suggests the terms of a symbol for a sudden shift of feeling. This world is not, however, like his sister's or Wallace Stevens's, intellectualized—"I know a tree that bears a semblance to the thing I have in mind," says Mr. Stevens. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's New Water Music, for example, progresses through no other unity of vision than that implied by the title of the poem; it is pure reverie in the lack of emotional impulsion or of a severely intellectual design. Indeed, most of his poetry lacks form; for his interest in *feelings* almost to the exclusion of *emotions* forces him to neglect economy and forego direction. There is no evidence of conscious use of an intellectual formula, which may be called Mallarmé's: selection of metaphors perceptually mixed but leading to a conceptual end realized in the structure of the poem as a whole. Yet the best work in The Thirteenth Cæsar has precisely this effect because the best poems, with an exception in Doctor Donne and Gargantua, are short and thus, since Mr. Sitwell has taste, there is no excess of material to destroy the effect, if not a deliberate intention, of control:

> And straight the swans begin to plough
> Two apples tumbled from a bough
> Your breasts show, lying clear,
> Till furrows do appear:
> Now with their beaks the fruit they try
> And air, like glass, breaks with a cry.

This, from The Venus of Bolsover Castle, and the four Variations possess this quality. But apparently only a definitely limited theme, with limited sources of imagery, rescues such work from sheer decoration.

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Mr. Osbert Sitwell's poetry has less decorative value than his brother's, and proceeds from an emotional centre outward: it represents a closer coördination of a few permanent emotional attitudes with an appropriate symbolism. It is at once more solid and less brilliant.

But the Sitwell brothers have enough in common to share the same limitations: a pictorial imagery which, in Sacheverell, diffuses in a brilliant indecisive reverie and, in Osbert, projects the emotion into an arresting exoticism and richness which in its own simplicity it doesn't have. The result in both, with differences, is absence of emotional conviction, and decoration.

The properties of decoration were exploited by the French seventeenth century and the English eighteenth. There is much of it in Pope. But there is very little of it in the Romantic poetry of any age; for it thrives only in a society emotionally unambitious, in which an imaginative conquest of a universe is less important than immediate social relations and allegiances. The decay of the Romantic movement has delivered poets into a world rather tired emotionally, suspicious of the Romantic preoccupation with a doubtful Infinite. And they are deprived of capacity for the kind of allegiance that enabled Pope, who knew a rascal when he saw one, to write sympathetically of Villiers because Villiers stood for the foundation of his society—Church and State. Were there available in England a similar social temper in which Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell might participate, one could imagine him writing

> The George and Garter dangling from that bed
> Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies . . .

As it is, Mr. Osbert Sitwell's Satires—effective satire equally with encomium implying, by negation, a fixed order for attention—are scattered against a number of dull "society ladies" and persons who might enjoy Georgian poetry and admire Kipling. The Sitwell brothers, interesting enough as expert craftsmen in minor modes, are producing mostly decoration and lack direction entirely. They are neo-classical sensibilities without a milieu.

ALLEN TATE.

Early Meetings of East and West

China and Europe. Intellectual and Artistic Contacts in the Eighteenth Century, by Adolf Reichwein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 174 pages. $5.

WHEN modern writers began to look to the Orient for verse forms as well as for themes and inspiration a few years ago, it was with the feeling that they were doing something very daring and original, and that here at last was a definitely new impulse in the intellectual and artistic life of the Occident. Had they but troubled, however, to consider their predecessors of the eighteenth century and earlier, these venturesome experimenters would have been aware that their innovation was ancient as only a novelty can be; for European contact with Chinese art and thought has been persistent, if sometimes very slight, ever since the earliest Jesuits went forth to save Chinese souls and the first venturesome traders put into the ports of the Flowery Kingdom in an honest effort to turn a profit of a few hundred percent.

But all this early knowledge of the East was faint and shadowy compared with what was to come when a girdle had been put around the earth by the first circumnavigators and the Western world was able during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to clarify its ideas of China and Chinese life, art, and thought. As trade developed, importations of porcelain, silk, and lacquer roused European interest in the lands whence these had come and the artists whose handiwork they were; and with the first translations from the Chinese classics cross-currents of literary influence also began.

These manifold interactions of two disparate worlds of thought are the theme of Adolf Reichwein's admirable little book, China and Europe, which, though it deals chiefly with the eighteenth century when China first became a definitely marked influence upon European art, philosophy, and letters, nevertheless finds room to describe, in its essentials, the process by which that influence came about. What a series of surprises Herr Reichwein has for us! That China left its mark upon Voltaire might have been inferred from his dramatic adaptation, the Orphelin de la Chine, but who would have dreamed that Goethe or Leibnitz borrowed from Confucius, or have suspected Watteau of cribbing from Chinese lacquers and embroidery? Even Montesquieu tried to make China fit his own pet theories—and failed lamentably.

It was natural that the art of the Far East should find a place in Europe before literature or philosophy. A vase, a garden, or a pagoda was its own interpreter, but writers and philosophers of the Orient had to wait for someone skilled enough to bridge the gulf between languages with no common ground whatever. Hence Herr Reichwein has much to say of fans, embroideries, and silks, of pictures, gardens, and buildings imitated more or less skilfully by European artists; and he even mentions drawings made in China for the Emperor Chien-lung and sent to Europe for engraving—one art at least that China failed to develop.

Chinese thought, as distinguished from Chinese art, began to make itself felt after the first translators—many of them Jesuit missionaries—set to work. The Age of Enlightenment was amazed to discover that Confucius had fought all its battles over, centuries before. As early as 1687 Leibnitz mentions "the work of Confucius, the King of Chinese philosophers, which has been published this year in Paris," with comments which show that he had read the translation carefully. By 1711 all six of the classics had been translated.

China and Europe is an important book on a fascinating subject, but it is unfortunate that a book in which so much learning is made so entertaining should be marred by an inadequate index.

JOHN BAKELESS.

Social Psychology

Social Psychology, by Floyd Henry Allport. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 453 pages. $2.50.

BOTH in popular writings and in the academic world the psychological front has for a generation or so been steadily advancing. Some of the philosophical difficulties have been relegated to the historical past, and friendly relations are being established with the whole field of science. In this movement perhaps no group of men are rendering a greater service than those who study the social behavior of the individual. Professor Allport's excellent book is another illustration of a spectacle which is about to become monotonous. Science has captured another dis-

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cipline in the broad field of knowledge. The author's high regard for experimental data represents an admirable modern trend among writers on social questions.

We are likely to have a disconsolate feeling when we witness our old concepts and idols being quietly uprooted, aggressively attacked perchance, or taken apart and exposed to the public gaze. The naïve concept of the "group mind" is one of these idols, and Professor Allport makes a quiet though generous contribution towards putting this concept in the historical museum. Today when science is having so much difficulty with the metaphysical concept of mind in a *single* individual one need not be surprised that the concept of mind in a whole *group* of people is questioned.

The author conceives social psychology as the study of the social behavior and the social consciousness of the individual, and he abides by this introductory definition. Instead of emphasizing the abnormal habits and customs of crowds of people, the book contains many intimate descriptions of the ordinary man in his everyday environment. This is the point where psychology ends, and the place where social science must begin. The dynamic principles of Freud and other psychoanalysts help round out the picture, so that the fields of social and abnormal psychology meet on a common ground with gratifying results.

For many students of public affairs, the shift of emphasis from heredity to environment will be the most interesting feature of this work. We thought that William James had long ago settled the question of instinct in his famous chapter, but now it has cropped out again with some very animated possibilities. Professor Allport represents a general offensive attack on the "instincts" and he criticizes those that were once regarded as all but "sacred."

For science can never move on if we deal only in broad generalities. We must study the elementary forms of behavior in the newly-born child, and the general mechanism of learning is important since changes in habits make social changes possible. Professor Allport gives much experimental evidence to show that aside from the strictly anatomical features the child possesses at birth a complicated group of coördinated and uncoördinated reflexes which are important in understanding the growth of personality. These reflexes make the early manifestations of knowledge, skill, character and temperament possible. The author's emphasis on these simple observable activities in the child has a distinct advantage over the claims for broad and well-directed instincts. Native traits are not broad, nor are they well-directed.

The author characterizes the early reaction-tendencies of the human infant as "prepotent reflexes," and recognizes as the six main classes: starting and withdrawing, rejecting, struggling, hunger reactions, sensitive zone reactions, and sex reactions. Each of these groups also includes other reflexes, and each reflex may be modified in a variety of ways. A very plausible explanation is given of the way this modification takes place. A list of fundamental or prepotent *habits* which eventuate includes modesty, shyness, habitation, fighting, repulsion, rivalry, chivalry, courtship, mating, manipulation, curiosity, hunting, hoarding, imitating, self-assertion, and submission. It makes a great deal of difference whether we regard these tendencies as instincts or habits. To call them instincts is to deny the important rôle played by the social environment and by the individual himself in their development, and this is a pessimistic view. If they are regarded as learned activities, however, more energy will be expended in attempting to control them intelligently.

HULSEY CASON.

Salvaging of American Girlhood, by Isabel Davenport. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 302 pages. $3.

UNDER this rather misleading title, Isabel Davenport, Ph.D., consulting psychologist, describes an investigation made under the auspices of the Department of Psychology of Columbia University, into the actual state of sex knowledge of young women of more than average education, in their late adolescence, and the trend of their sex interests. Miss Davenport arrives at her conclusions from a study of questions asked anonymously, and under conditions calculated to relieve the questioner of all possible constraint, by one hundred and sixty girls whose average age was nineteen years, students in a teachers' training school. One is delighted with the narrative of a psychological investigator endeavoring to hew to scientific method, reluctant in her conclusions, and wary of generalizations from meagre statistics. Katherine Bement Davis, attacking fulsomely a similar quest, some time ago, reassured with no such careful scepticism. Miss Davenport's analysis discloses an appalling ignorance of sexual knowledge and hygiene on the part of the young women concerned in the experiment. The father of a good-sized family, teacher in a city high school, who told Miss Davenport "Girls ten years old, nowadays, know more than I do," was wrong. They know very little, and what they think they do know is often not true, but a figment of superstitious taboo.

In her final chapters, Miss Davenport ceases to be the calm scientist, and becomes the ardent humanist, a title she would prefer to that of feminist. In A Concrete Program and Final Emancipations, she attacks the American leniency with immature-mindedness in women, proposes a program of sex instruction and hygienic exercise, and insists on the training of girls to a permanent place not alone in the home, but in the new industrial organization. The book is a useful statement of a problem confronting teachers and parents, and girls themselves.

ERNESTINE EVANS.

Contributors

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